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THE DISRAELI OF LIBERALISM.

If there is one thing in my life I should wish to live after me, it is that when I first went to the Foreign Office, I argued for, and maintained, the principle of a policy of continuity in foreign administration.—(Lord Rosebery at the Albert Hall, 5th July, 1895.)

If your foreign policy is weak, or feeble, or untrustworthy, it is very easy indeed to descend from being a first-rate Power to being a second-rate Power.—(Lord Rosebery at Newton Abbot, 15th May, 1896.)

I believe that the party of a small England, of a neutral England, of a submissive England, has died.—(Lord Rosebery, Sheffield, 25th October, 1894.)

Lord Rosebery urged the neutralization of the Foreign Office, with the inevitable failure to inoculate the English mind with abstract conceptions. He was approved and but half understood. The British spirit is convinced by events. The Fashoda crisis crystallized instantly the popular comprehension of Lord Rosebery's meaning. The important question, indeed, is whether Lord Rosebery's great idea has not brought a whole bad period to an end and extinguished, as a practical factor, the flaccid school of foreign policy. The maintenance of peace without effacement—the necessary recovery of place in the respect of the world—depends entirely upon the definite evolution of a substantial identity of view between parties upon Imperial questions. In the actual management of affairs, Lord Rose-

bery may or may not be the man of the future. He has done more than manage the affairs of the nation. He has modified its mind. The fundamental problem is still unsolved indeed, and whether Lord Rosebery is a strong man or a weak, no one is sure, least of all Lord Rosebery. Nothing need shake the authority of his ideas but his own failure to apply them.

If Lord Rosebery were a strong man, it would not be extravagant to expect the approach of a future when the Foreign Office would be almost as completely outside the sphere of party controversy as the Post Office, and when Whitehall should be as free from emotional embarrassments as St. Martin's-le-Grand. There must be some difference of opinion upon the conduct of foreign affairs, but it is a difference that in sense and prudence ought to go by individuals, and not by platoons. It is a difference that might gradually modify governing principles, but which ought to have no more power at any particular moment to disturb the action of the Foreign Office than have the opinions of the vegetarians to interrupt the dietetic habits of mankind, or the protests of the anti-armament committees to suspend the naval programme.

Domestic legislation is a question between classes and temperaments. It is the inevitable arena of party antagonisms. In foreign policy, nations

must regard one another as a whole; and to suppose that the line of cleavage upon internal policy ought to separate opinions upon foreign policy, is the extreme absurdity and mischief of the party system. A nation divided against itself cannot stand against undivided nations. It is needless to string the platitudes. The principle is palpable and the illustration recent. We seem to have reached at last a state of public opinion giving solid ground for the establishment of what the anti-armament committees would deplore as the bad Utopia of national agreement upon a strong foreign policy—a policy at once reasonable and insistent, considerate but unsentimental, and steadily such that Continental diplomacy should cease to count upon a yielding basis on the part of English statesmen. It is not so long since one of the parties in the state represented a standing opposition to the increase of armaments. That we have changed; and the change, great as it seems, to the neutralization of the Foreign Office, would be the next step in fact and logic. Earl Spencer or Mr. Goschen at the Admiralty equally represents an accepted and a national, not a controversial and a partisan, policy. The natural end of an approximation of opinion which, under the conventions of party opposition, has ensured continuity of administration in the services, would be a general agreement upon a foreign policy that would make the maintenance of peace its care indeed, but not its incubus. There is only one interest greater than the maintenance of peace. It is the maintenance of position.

The neutralization of the Foreign Office can only be secured by a genuine consent of Liberal and Conservative opinion, and not, as seems sometimes to be imagined, by any mechanical posture of party etiquette. Mr. Podsnap, characteristic of the Brit-

ish platform, has his remedy in the heavy aphorism. He points out that no one should speak to the man at the wheel. But platitudes grease no wheel. A Foreign Secretary, as a matter of fact, is a man in an arm-chair. As a matter of nautical metaphors, which are the most frequent and fallacious in the limited imagery of political discussions, he does not steer by the card, and it is not sufficient that he should be left alone. Part of his problem is to know the mind of his passengers. The decisions of a Foreign Secretary involve at every step the conscience and substance of the country. It is illusory to suppose that any mere convention of party usage will induce people who seriously disapprove to refrain from expressing their disapproval. Were it possible, it would not be wise. There is no permanent virtue in an organized hypocrisy, and it is always liable to break down. The "Manchester Guardian" and Mr. Courtney, for instance, both identified with a certain extravagant and incorrigible moderation, were firm exceptions to the unanimity of the nation upon Fashoda. It would be weakness and not robustness to desire that the "Manchester Guardian" or Mr. Courtney should refrain from expressing their opinions upon the most important of all questions—the question of peace or war—no matter how ill-founded and inopportune may have been the opinions.

As a modifier of party views, Lord Rosebery's influence has been the most curious since that of Lord Beaconsfield, to which it may fairly be compared. His Imperialism has been a force more gradual, subtle, insidious, sure than Mr. Gladstone's unlimited powers of temporary persuasion. Mr. Gladstone manipulated the emotion of his party. Lord Rosebery, along a whole side of politics, has

transformed the principles of his party. Lord Beaconsfield himself was hardly more potent as an educator of Conservative opinion upon domestic legislation than Lord Rosebery has been as an educator of Liberal views upon foreign policy. Lord Rosebery's early intimacy with Mr. Disraeli is known. It is certain, for several reasons, not all of them purely political, that a deep impression must have been made by the arch-politician upon material peculiarly impressionable to the Machiavellian die. The only doubt is whether Lord Rosebery has been an involuntary analogy or the conscious Disraeli of Liberalism.

Reading Lord Rosebery's career backwards, it is hard not to be convinced that even when a pupil to power, as Mr. Gladstone's host in Midlothian, and whatever convictions he believed himself to possess at the time, he must have been far more in inward and instinctive sympathy with the spirit, if not altogether with the methods, of Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy. His cosmopolitan connection, and peculiar opportunities for laying his finger upon the financial pulse of civilization, must have helped him to the conviction that there was something fundamentally at fault in a system which made foreign policy a tennis-ball, flying between the rival racquets of the parties, and never sure at any given moment to be on either side of the net. In foreign affairs the Conservatives were strict Nationalists; the Liberals inclined to be philanthropists at large. Their honest foible was to deprecate the over-emphasis of patriotism at home, and to extend an intelligent appreciation to the patriotism of other peoples. Middle-class Liberalism, as it prevailed more or less up to 1885, believed "prestige" to be a vain thing and a heathen imagination. It disliked the word—which is not a good one. Mid-

dle-class Manchesterthum believed that because it was virtuous, ginger should be no more hot i' the mouth; because it was peaceable, there should be no more saltpetre. It was worthy, but it was wrong. The diplomacy of no other country was influenced by *Gefühlpolitik*. The aim of Germany, Russia, France, was to push their interests in every direction as far as they would go, without coming into contact with something hard. We may illustrate the hopeless inequality of diplomatic conditions. Herr Singer and Mr. Hyndman, or any other Socialist with personal capital, may be convinced believers in economic equality between all men, but they are quite logical when they decline to set the isolated example of making a general distribution of their goods. In a world quite certain to go on acting upon opposite principles, such a demonstration on the part of these propagandists in favor of economic equality would do nothing for mankind, but would certainly ruin Mr. Hyndman and Herr Singer. The foreign policy of the Manchester school, by which the indefatigable and observant Lord Rosebery found his party dominated in the early eighties, was based upon a similar fallacy. But it was infinitely more disastrous, since here was an endeavor to carry the fallacy into practice, and at the expense, not of an individual, but of the strength, glory, and future of the most splendid empire known to time. Were all powers agreed to renounce aggression and to abandon arms, to refrain from territory and to adopt Free Trade, it would only remain to "proclaim olives of endless age." The Czar's rescript has lately revived hopes that the potentates of Europe may become the unexpected propagandists of that Utopia of prosperous industrialism, the natural ideal of the benevolent *bourgeoisie* which believed

unrestricted commerce to come next to the open Bible as a civilizing agent. The duty and end of our being as a nation was to put money in our purse, but with honesty and without violence. The course of domestic improvement was under no circumstances to be interrupted by the iniquitous adventures of a bastard ambition—of which the Tory Party, as the depository of immoral or unmoral diplomacy, was naturally to be suspected. Nothing can be easier than to follow the excellent intention behind such a conception. Than the conception nothing could be more fallacious or more opposed to its own purpose.

The school opposed on moral principles to a "strong foreign policy" forgot that the policy of other nations was based precisely upon the principles deprecated in England, and it did not perceive that by refusing to oppose to all rival diplomacy the only means by which it pressed or could be resisted, we gave the "strong foreign policy" of other nations free way to our own detriment. We travelled without pistols, because we reprobated the practices of highwaymen. There was no more certain method for the propagation of highwaymen. The Manchester principles of foreign policy, as exemplified by the retrocession of the Transvaal, the abandonment of the Soudan, the helpless perception of the encroachments of Russia, and the pained endurance of Bismarckian contumely, resulted less in a general adoption of Broadbrims than in a general development of brigandage. The partition of Africa was inaugurated in contempt of Earl Granville and Lord Derby. The scramble for Africa set up new and feverish impulses towards aggrandizement, with which American Imperialism and the gathering of the eagles over the carcass of China are not remotely connected. The advocacy by one party of

what in practice was perilously near to a policy of passive resistance, was simply a stimulus and a premium to a policy of active aggression by every other Power. The theory of travelling without pistols resulted in the impunity of the highwaymen. Humiliation after humiliation was followed by aggression after aggression. Not only was the authority of England in the councils of Europe effaced, the prestige of the country was impaired in every part of the world. The pride of the Colonies in the Mother Country was troubled, and Trans-Atlantic convictions upon the effeteness of the old monarchy were confirmed. Young and vigorous communities will never have any enthusiasm for a declining State, and no sentimental recollections will prevent the severance between decadence and vitality. It is easy for human nature to be affectionate to power. Lord Rosebery must have seen soon, as a student of the fortunes of the Gladstone Government and the contemporary psychology of public feeling, that there was no place for isolated idealism in international transactions. Nations must lose the interests they are not determined to maintain. The only fate of idealistic policy was to gratuitously remove obstacles from realistic policy, and to promote Bismarckian successes. The British school of foreign policy was one of the chief supports of Bismarckian prestige.

Lord Rosebery saw that a strong foreign policy is the only foreign policy. But the first requisite of a strong foreign policy is consistency. It was intolerable that Continental diplomacy should be able to count upon the domestic conflicts of English parties as counters in their game. Lord Rosebery discerned, also, that an English Foreign Minister, conscious of rivals behind as well as of

antagonists before, and never safe from domestic attack for being either too warlike or too weak, was at a hopeless disadvantage against a diplomacy hampered by none of these embarrassments of British politics. Merely from the theoretical standpoint of a student of statesmanship, it was perceptible to Lord Rosebery that the fundamental desideratum of Imperial politics was the substantial agreement of parties upon foreign affairs, and not merely a severe restraint of criticism.

Lord Rosebery must have realized also that the genius of democracy is genuinely and even narrowly nationalist rather than cosmopolitan, and that its temper is more pugnacious than placable. "Here's a foreigner; let's heave half a brick at him," is a by no means extinct witticism; and so far as it survives, it is what it was, a purely democratic sentiment. It is not among the more educated and travelled minority—it is among the people that the original instincts survive long after they have seemed to disappear with the cruder and more concrete forms of expression articulated in half-bricks. It is the classes and not the masses who first cease to adjust their differences with their fists. Democracy has an incorrigible appetite for vigor and an insuperable loathing for weakness. With the profound instinct that goes deeper than the most humane theories, it holds weakness to be the fundamental immorality. Strengths of all kinds it conceives as the things to be most sedulously admired, educated, preserved and exhibited. Democracy is as belligerent in its politics as in its pleasures. Its instinct for fairness is most liable to be suspended under the easy belief that it has been abused. The extraordinary and permanent increase of the Conservative vote in the boroughs between 1880 and 1885,

has been one of the most striking and important phenomena of modern politics. It was a lesson not likely to have been lost upon Lord Rosebery. Before the general election of 1885, he declared that a large party majority in the House of Commons was the basis of success in foreign policy. A few months afterwards he entered the Foreign Office with the conviction that the supreme national interest was to make foreign policy a matter independent of party majorities, and based upon the common will of the nation. If the future of the empire depended upon unanimity in foreign policy, it must have been apparent to Lord Rosebery that upon the identification of Liberalism with a strong foreign policy, and its dissociation from the reproach of a weak tradition, depended the future of his party.

Lord Rosebery began to educate his party. Looking back, the process appears curiously distinct and instructive. The ex-Premier is a Sphinx, with intervals of confession. One of the curious attractions of his speeches is their engaging passages of autobiography. He has always declared that Imperial Federation has been the great cause of his life; but that it was a cause he shared with others. Immediately next to this, if it did not come first as the indispensable means to the end of Imperial Federation, has been Lord Rosebery's idea for the neutralization of the Foreign Office. This cause has been his own. In the characteristic encyclical addressed to his party from the Albert Hall on the eve of the general election, we find a passage that gives one of the rare clues to the centre of this devious and baffling mind:—

There is one point in which I hope to be able to give my support to the new government, and that is on questions of foreign policy. If there is one thing in my life I could wish to live

after me, it is that when I first went to the Foreign Office as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, I argued for, and maintained, the principle of a continuity of policy in foreign administration. My view was this: that whatever our domestic differences may be at home, we should preserve a united front abroad, and that foreign statesmen and foreign courts should feel that they are dealing, not with a Ministry possibly fleeting and possibly transient, but with a great, powerful, and united nation. Of course, even in continuity of foreign policy, you may have differences of skill, differences of manipulation.

This is an explicit declaration that Lord Rosebery took high office in 1886, with the avowed resolution from the outset to continue the policy of Lord Salisbury. That alone was a considerable departure. It had been the Liberal tendency to regard a Tory foreign policy as not only inevitably wrong, but presumptively wicked, and Lord Rosebery hints in the passage quoted that he enforced his point against some demur.

The celebrated Batoum despatch of 1886 brought the doctrine of continuity into conspicuous action. The master-issue between the Conservative and the Liberal party had been the difference of their attitude towards Russia. To one, Russia was the "divine figure in the North;" to the other, Russia was the dark enemy in the North. The Penjdeh incident had, perhaps, done something to disconcert the angelic theory. Lord Rosebery paid little heed to it when he wrote the despatch denouncing as an intolerable perfidy, in the nearest approach to plain language allowed by diplomatic usage, the violation of the clause in the Treaty of Berlin constituting Batoum a free port. The despatch was a biting indictment. Russia refused to be agitated. She had taken the accurate measure of the British Foreign Office. The Treaty

status of Batoum had been cancelled, and cancelled it remained. Lord Rosebery said what he liked. Russia did what she liked. It was well understood that the encounter would be strictly confined to paper. If Lord Salisbury had been in office he would not have written a stronger despatch, nor followed it by stronger action than Lord Rosebery's nothing. A puff of petulant breath could not restore the denounced clause in the Treaty of Berlin. The incident did not, perhaps, alter the convictions of Russia upon the absurdity of observing inconvenient arrangements which nobody was prepared to enforce; and the Batoum despatch left British prestige where it was. But it was something that a Liberal Foreign Secretary had opened his mind about Russia in terms that were comfortable to the Unionists, while by no means acceptable to Liberalism at large. There was a beginning of the *rapprochement* in principles. It was already evident that the Liberals as a whole enjoyed a certain experimental complacency in the novel prestige reflected upon the party by the Foreign Secretary of a Liberal Cabinet, with the reputation of a strong Minister. It was obvious that with the determining elements in the Liberal party, and especially with the newer generation, Lord Rosebery had begun to carry his point, and that, at least in theory, his point was won as soon as stated. "To say ditto," to Lord Salisbury was not quite to be done with the happy echo of Mr. Burke's colleague, but with all possible qualifications, there was a clear perception that from the standpoint of national and party interests the policy of continuity was better than the policy of pendulum.

An important step was that Lord Rosebery's short term of office had given him the permanent right to

speak for the Liberal party upon foreign affairs. In 1888 he spoke at a non-political dinner at Leeds. It was at the most embittered moment of the Irish conflict. But Lord Rosebery, addressing a non-political audience, was able to dispel the very atmosphere of party thought, and to touch the responsive nerve of national feeling:—

You allude to the time when I held the appointment of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and I think that reference, coming as it does from a non-political body, is one of some importance. For I believe this, that the more the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is considered as a non-political officer, the better for the country. I have always held, and I hope I have proved by action, and also by want of action, that my belief is that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs should speak whenever possible, and as often as possible, with the united voice of the English nation without distinction of party.

In the higher places of Liberal authority, where Lord Rosebery at that time had not attained to sit, his canon of continuity, if not rejected in theory, was as yet unregarded in practice. During the autumn of 1891 the Liberal leaders—and in 1891 he was hardly yet a Liberal leader—raised the question of Egypt. It is interesting to remember that they advocated withdrawal. Mr. Gladstone at Newcastle, in the same encyclical exposition of policy that included a benediction of the Newcastle Programme, used language which was naturally taken in France, and gladly taken by no small portion of the Liberal party, as an announcement that the speedy evacuation of Egypt was the official policy of the Liberal party. This was the true crisis of Lord Rosebery's career. He had enunciated his principle of continuity. His task now was to make it prevail upon the Liberal party against the Liberal leaders; against

Sir William Harcourt, against Mr. John Morley, against Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rosebery declined to join the Cabinet of 1892 under the terms of the party declarations which would commit the new Government to the old spirit in foreign policy and flagrantly repudiated the new. Ideas of the evacuation of Egypt were not continuity. They were, on the contrary, the policy of pendulum in the plainest shape. It was party contradiction in the crudest form. It restored the disastrous system which had made British diplomacy as unstable as water. Lord Rosebery would not move, and Lord Rosebery was indispensable. When he joined the Cabinet upon his own terms the battle seemed to be won, though it was not.

From this point, to the recent crisis with France, Lord Rosebery's action upon African affairs is in a remarkably continuous, though by no means an entirely undeviating, line. He did not abandon Uganda, and he did not evacuate Egypt. On the contrary, he was speedily called upon to be the instrument of a formal vindication of English authority in Egypt. The new Khedive dismissed Mustapha Fehmy and installed Fakhri Pasha as Prime Minister. This was an affront to Lord Cromer. Lord Rosebery authorized the pressure which compelled Abbas Hilmi to dismiss Fakhri and to accept Riaz. The army of occupation that was to be withdrawn by the Liberal party was increased by its Foreign Secretary. Within a year the young Khedive went further. He expressed his dissatisfaction with the inefficiency of his army. This form of eccentric humor was an insult to the Sirdar. Sir Herbert Kitchener resigned, and it is interesting to remember that had any other than Lord Rosebery been Liberal Foreign Minister, strange things might have happened to deflect

the career of the victor of Omdurman. But Lord Rosebery and continuity were at the Foreign Office. The Khedive was forced to publish a dictated apology, and the Sirdar resumed his post at the Khedive's request. The principle of continuity had finally determined the future of Egypt.

Up to this point Lord Salisbury could have done nothing less and nothing more. Beyond this point Lord Rosebery went where Lord Salisbury would, perhaps, have declined to follow, and where Lord Salisbury's initiative would certainly not have led. More vitally than any one else except Mr. Rhodes, Lord Rosebery believed not only in the maintenance, but in the expansion of the enormity of Empire. He was not subject to depressing and fallacious metaphors about the weary Titan and his cracking shoulders. His speech of March, 1893, at the Royal Colonial Institute, marked another step in the process of public and party education. It struck and captured the national imagination more than anything he had yet said:—

We are engaged in pegging out claims for the future. . . We have to look forward beyond the chatter of platforms, and the passions of party, to the future of the race of which we are at present the trustees, and we should, in my opinion, grossly fail in the task that has been laid upon us did we shrink from responsibilities and decline to take our share in a partition of the world which we have not forced on, but which has been forced upon us.

Mr. Rhodes had found his complement at Whitehall. It is necessary to remember that Lord Rosebery became the official sponsor of the Cape-Cairo route. Of that great departure, the reconquest of the Soudan, the Fashoda crisis and the conscious inauguration of the new epoch in foreign policy, were direct results.

"If there is one rule in diplomacy which I regard as sacred, it is this, that you should never put your foot further in diplomacy than you can keep it down." In this remark from that comprehensive manifesto, the speech at Edinburgh on resigning the Liberal leadership, Lord Rosebery showed his characteristic grasp of principles. The Anglo-Congolese agreement showed the characteristic uncertainty in action. Either Lord Rosebery's memory of the most sacred maxim of diplomacy, or his judgment in applying it, was at fault, when he made, without a previous understanding with Germany, the Anglo-Congolese agreement, conceding to England the strip of territory between Tanganyika and Uganda, which would have connected South Africa and the Nile; inserted the missing link of the through route from the Cape to Cairo; and made Mr. Rhodes' most extravagant suggestion a fact. Lord Rosebery had overstretched his stride, and he had to recover his balance with as little grace as usually belongs to this manœuvre. The clause conceding the inter-lacustrine lease became, and has remained, a dead letter upon the protest of Germany against an agreement, significantly affecting her frontier, in which she had been ignored. But here, too, Lord Rosebery's idea has left an objective to his successors.

So early as 1893, when Lord Rosebery had been scarcely a year at the Foreign Office, French designs upon the Upper Nile had been forecasted by Captain Lugard with complete precision and sagacity. In that year Lord Rosebery warned Belgium against unauthorized attempts to penetrate into the Nile basin. King Leopold was seeking persistently to extend his frontier northward. France was showing a vigilant anxiety to restrain his frontier from that extension. It was sufficiently clear that

the dislike of France to have Belgium between her and the White Nile could have only one motive. Lord Rosebery, accordingly, adopted the policy of establishing the Congo State upon sufferance in the buffer position. It would have been an extremely comfortable and effective manœuvre could it have been carried out, but it was of a too admirable simplicity to escape the intelligence of France. Lord Rosebery, by the Anglo-Congolese agreement of 1894, invited Belgium to accept a lease of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, as far as Fashoda. This would have completely closed the frontier of the French Congo in the direction of the Nile. It must be admitted that France was in a strong position when she protested vigorously against the attainment of that result in that fashion. She forbade King Leopold to occupy the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and King Leopold submitted. He was forced to content himself with the Lado enclave—an exiguous remnant, which left the Bahr-el-Ghazal and all its affluents open to French adventure. English policy had revealed a serious contemplation of the Cape to Cairo route. The attempt to cut it was perhaps irresistible, and it was not resisted. There is no need to recapitulate here the proceedings of M. Liotard and of Captain Marchand after the failure of the Anglo-Congolese agreement. Lord Rosebery took the grave step. He forbade France to occupy the Bahr-el-Ghazal as peremptorily as France had forbidden Belgium. The intimation that any attempt on the part of France to penetrate into the basin of the Upper Nile would be regarded as an "unfriendly act," was the plainest and strongest declaration that had been made by a Foreign Secretary for many years, and by a Liberal Minister since Palmerston, and was to have, as we have just seen, proportionately mo-

mentous consequences. But Continental opinion could not believe that the principle of continuity at Whitehall had begun to inaugurate a new epoch in British Foreign policy. Lord Rosebery's warning was disregarded, and Captain Marchand was sent to Fashoda. It is safe to say that when any future declaration of that gravity is made by a Foreign Secretary, Captain Marchand will not go to Fashoda first, and no one will need to go to Canossa after. That is the advantage of continuity, that, when understood, it prevents Marchand incidents, and makes naval mobilization unnecessary.

In the recent crisis, it will be observed, England founded herself upon Lord Rosebery's principles. Lord Salisbury based his summary action against France expressly upon the warning of his predecessor. Lord Rosebery hastened to point out that in this memorable instance of a "strong" foreign policy, the usual course was reversed. The Liberals were not reluctant adopters of Unionist views—the Unionists were the executors of a Liberal idea. But Lord Rosebery's speeches upon the Fashoda crisis were required to reconcile his party to the greatness of its own merits. Provincial Liberalism, at least—and we must remember that it is the great body of Liberalism—could not spontaneously abandon the habit of opposing Lord Salisbury, and of protesting upon every colorable occasion against a policy of jingoism. Provincial Liberalism finds nothing more difficult than to unlearn the language of 1880. But with the obdurate exception of the "Manchester Guardian" and its small, but respectable school, Lord Rosebery's declaration on Fashoda rallied the whole mass of Liberalism at once, and silenced where it had not, perhaps, been wholly able to persuade. The Liberal party, which as a whole up to seven

years ago, if not very much later, was inclined to contemplate the abandonment of Uganda, and the evacuation of Egypt in the old mood which had made the retrocession of the Trans-Soudan possible, realized its claim to have originated a policy which meant nothing less than that, even at the risk of war, England was prepared to enforce her claim to the whole Nile from Uganda to the Mediterranean. In view of the close connection between this fact and Lord Rosebery's effort in 1894 to open an all-British route from the Cape to Cairo, it would be difficult to conceive a bolder model of a strong foreign policy.

Thus much for the powerful operation, and as it might be imagined for the final ascendancy, of Lord Rosebery's ideas. But before we take the ascendancy of Lord Rosebery's ideas for granted, we are forced to consider Lord Rosebery's acts, not always in correspondence, and sometimes curiously in contrast. It would be difficult to overrate the national service of the ideas themselves, but the proof that Lord Rosebery is the best executor of his own ideas and the best vindicator of his own despatches has yet to be given.

Lord Rosebery has, indeed, declared, with his usual soundness as to principles, his belief that readiness to go to war is the only strength of diplomacy, and in his Edinburgh speech, when resigning the Liberal leadership, he stated that he himself had run the risk of war. We do not know enough of the Siamese negotiations in 1894 to enable us to estimate the degree of nerve that Lord Rosebery exhibited upon that occasion. In the other prominent episodes of Lord Rosebery's career at the Foreign Office, we know that the difference between a strong and a weak foreign policy was a difference less of acts than ideas and despatches. Lord

Rosebery's despatch in 1886 did not secure the re-opening of Batoum as a free port. Lord Rosebery's ideas in 1894 could not secure the consent of Germany to the concession of the inter-lacustrine link from Belgium to us, or the consent of France to the lease of the Bahr-el-Ghazal by us to Belgium. But upon neither of these occasions would Lord Rosebery have been justified in aggressive measures. On the other hand, he had put his foot further forward than he could keep it down, and it cannot be pretended that the ineffectuality of the Batoum despatch and the contemptuous defeat of the Anglo-Congolese agreement were in themselves things to increase the reputation of the British Foreign Office.

The really disquieting weakness is the record of the Liberal party and of Lord Rosebery between his warning to France in 1895 and the crisis with France in 1898. The attitude of the Liberal party in the interval was precisely such as to encourage France to commit the "unfriendly act" against which they had warned her. France had forbidden Belgium to occupy the Bahr-el-Ghazal. We had forbidden France to occupy it. The only reasonable alternative was that we should occupy it ourselves. The indispensable preliminary to occupying it ourselves was the overthrow of the Khalifa and the reconquest of the Soudan. When the Dongola expedition was announced, in March, 1896, it was evident to every one that the reconquest of the Soudan had begun, and that England was committed to the destruction of Mahdism. But it was precisely because the advance upon Dongola must involve the reconquest of the whole Nile basin, that the official oratory of Liberalism broke out in the most formidable consensus of condemnation and abhorrence against Lord Salisbury's

Soudanese policy. There was a more real attempt than there had been at any time to create a popular agitation against the present Government. Mr. John Morley blew the "first blast of the trumpet against the monstrous regiment" of jingoism. Mr. John Morley protested against "an infatuated policy," a "clumsy blunder," a "hateful crime," which would "ruffle the susceptibilities of France." The penetration of Mr. Asquith detected Lord Salisbury's guilty secret. "You must look upon this adventure as potentially a campaign for the reconquest of the Soudan—a tremendous adventure, whose possibilities of danger are absolutely limitless." Sir William Harcourt denounced it as "a policy of a most perfidious character, and one which ought to be most strongly condemned, and which I venture to say by the party on this side of the House will be met by the most strenuous resistance." But the characteristic exponent of the agitation against the Sirdar's advance from Wady Halfa was Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Morley regarded this new adventure of a bastard and unbridled ambition as a disclosure of a design for the permanent occupation of Egypt, and as a perilous challenge to France. These ideas were not new. The point was that they were old. They were simply the revival of the spirit which had made the evacuation of Egypt an appendage to the Newcastle Programme.

The strange thing is that Lord Rosebery, who had defeated the old spirit in 1892, surrendered to the lead of Mr. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt in 1896. The statesman responsible for the warning to France against "unfriendly acts" in 1895, allowed himself to appear within a twelvemonth as the opponent of the British advance towards the Upper Nile. On March 26th, 1896, Lord

Rosebery had an opportunity of speaking at Huddersfield upon the Dongola expedition, against which Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Asquith had already declared themselves with a violence that, as recollected now, seems equally incomprehensible and ludicrous. Lord Rosebery allowed himself to appear to have been brought into line, in a passage of extraordinary inconsistency on the part of the author of the warning against "unfriendly acts" in 1895, who was also to be the author of the Fashoda speeches in 1898. At the Huddersfield meeting Lord Rosebery was facetious upon the Dongola expedition. He declared his private belief that it was not going to Khartoum, and from this jocose hypothesis he passed with the most solemn inconsequence to a warning too gloomy in its grandiosity to be very seriously sincere:—

At present we feel we are being fooled . . . to lock your reserves in the sands of the desert where it has already before now engulfed monarchs, armies, and empires. Ladies and gentlemen, I declare it solemnly, I would support the foreign policy of the Government if I could, but they will not give me the chance.

It was a volatile infidelity to a great idea, but to observers of Lord Rosebery's character the strange seriousness of these words resides in their strange levity. Lord Rosebery has never been seen to less advantage. It was a few months before he took the final step of resigning the Liberal leadership. Nothing can be more obvious than that Lord Rosebery was not really opposed to the Soudan expedition. Nothing is more certain than that he made himself appear to be opposed to it. It was an opposition which, if it could have been successful, would, by staying the advance of the Sirdar, have promoted the mission

of Captain Marchand. No doubt the fact that Lord Rosebery did not really share the unanimous opinion of his colleagues upon the Soudan expedition, had its effect in emphasizing his sense of isolation and in driving him from the Liberal leadership two or three months later. That Lord Rosebery allowed himself to appear to share those opinions which he did not share, and which reduced the warning against the "unfriendly act" to a farce, is just one of those things which, in spite of the signal power and value of Lord Rosebery's speeches, and in spite of his responsibility for the Fashoda crisis, throw us back upon the ominous and unanswerable question—Is Lord Rosebery a strong or a weak man?

It has often appeared that the powers of thought and action, of intellect and will, were rarely more imperfectly adjusted in any human being than in Lord Rosebery. He may be the hero in politics, as in recent weeks he has been proclaimed. There is at least as much reason to dread that he may not be the hero, but the Hamlet of politics, whose powers of analysis and exposition are at once extraordinary and paralyzing. If there were a Public Orator of the Empire, Lord Rosebery would be the immediate and the ideal selection. Hamlet is the Public Orator to mankind, with his preternatural insight and deep utterance. But that does not help him to do his business.

There has been a Government which included Lord Rosebery. There has never been a Rosebery Government. He has never had his chance, nor has he yet given his full measure. He has had a bitter education, and he has the faculty of development. The difficulties of his position in the last Cabinet were far greater than any modern Premier has ever had to encounter. He was not the head of his

Government. He was the figurehead of their Government. He was not a Minister who had established an ascendancy in politics before rising to the highest office, who had chosen his colleagues and given the organic impress to his own Cabinet in its formation. He was less a Premier supported by a Cabinet than a Premier in the custody of a Cabinet. There was open and arrogant secession; there was desertion, opposition, lack of sympathy, hopeless incompatibility of temper. These were circumstances that would have unstrung the nerve of Hamlet, but might also have paralyzed the vigor of a Fortinbras.

It is certain, on the other hand, that his mind is the most influential in politics, and as an educator of parties upon foreign policy he seems to have completed his work. He has asserted at last a real, as distinct from a titular, supremacy in the Liberal party. He is the most popular of all statesmen, and is even more universally admired among Unionists than among Liberals. At the present moment, he is probably the statesman of most widely national influence since Palmerston. These facts have amounted to revelation, even among those representatives of the Liberalism of yesterday, who were most reluctant to confess the range and grandeur of Lord Rosebery's idea upon the continuity of foreign policy. The imposing demonstration of national solidarity in the Fashoda crisis will not be forgotten. It must appear with a sudden clearness to Liberalism in the mass that the future is with a strong conception of foreign policy, and that there is no future for a weak one. Nor would it be accurate to represent the actual approximation of view as a surrender by the Liberal to the Unionist party along a whole side of public questions. The Unionists, as a matter of fact, have abandoned the

tradition of friendly relations with Turkey. Lord Beaconsfield is dead, as we know. Party differences, even upon the Eastern Question, no longer exist. Lord Salisbury has directed language against the Sultan more contemptuous and minatory than any that Lord Rosebery would have used. The Cretan settlement is the result of Liberal, and not of Conservative, ideas.

Upon the other hand, the Liberals have modified their attitude towards Russia as completely as the Conservatives have changed theirs towards Turkey. It is not to be forgotten that Lord Rosebery's Batoum despatch, and the ironical suggestion in the resignation speech at Edinburgh, that "it has not always been the fashion of Englishmen to approve of Russia's methods," were a discreet anticipation of Mr. Chamberlain's feelings about the devil and long spoons. Lord Rosebery's valedictory oration at Edinburgh extinguished beyond hope the Armenian agitation as a serious politi-

cal movement. The decade of Mr. Gladstone's characteristic influence upon foreign policy, from 1875 to 1885, is a period which it would be impossible to repeat. It would be impossible for Mr. Gladstone himself to repeat it, could Mr. Gladstone reappear in all the panoply of his powers and with the same motives for action. The result may be summed up in the not very seemly language of recent illustration. Lord Beaconsfield is dead. So, indeed, is Mr. Gladstone.

The Disraeli of Liberalism is the heir of both. His future is commonly said to be in doubt. In the sense of official importance it is not in doubt. Lord Rosebery may return to the Foreign Office under whichever party he chooses. Whether he will become the chief helmsman as well as the chief spokesman of the Empire, remains to be seen. But the new epoch in foreign policy is his work, and in that decisive idea he has rendered a service to his country with which few achievements in office will compare.

The Fortnightly Review.

OLD AGE.

When I no longer love to make
My little songs for singing's sake,
When I no longer mount and fly
Up with the lark into the sky,
When April with her dropping rain
Scatters no gladness in my brain,
And summer can no more unblind
The leaf and blossom of my mind,
When a maid's sweetness cannot light
With golden musings a whole night,
When in the starry heavens I see
No visions of eternity.
Then call me old, but not till then,
Though I outlast three lives of men.

Caryl Battersby.

The night with golden musings bright

THE ETCHINGHAM LETTERS.

XV.

Miss Elizabeth Etchingam to Sir Richard Etchingam.

Dear Sir, Dear Sir Richard, Dearest Dickory,—I feel crosser than words can say. So enraged indeed have I become that fortunate for you is it that you are not within reach, for I have pent-up grumbles and growls enough to last from to-day till Christmas. My temper, I find, is not of the kind that improves with keeping, and I make up for persistent self-control by indulging the accumulation of the very spirit that I long resisted. You know how I have preached, if you don't know how I have practised, forbearance with Laura since we came to London. I really have toiled and milled to throw oil on the troubled family waters, and have found a thousand reasons that don't exist for Charles' lapses in the way of visiting his relations, for—*for everything*, in short, of which Laura complains. And now, suddenly I see myself wishing to stir up every dormant evil passion and embroil each member of the family.

I begin to think that you were right in suggesting that existence with Laura is unworkable. We shall never amalgamate, and you cannot imagine how extraordinarily jealous she is in the pettiest matters. At present, you away, she has fixed upon my relations with Harry as a personal calamity. Harry has reached the point in his falling in love process at which, if he cannot talk to Cynthia, he must talk of her, and, as even the dumb speak when thus bewitched, Harry, who in normal frames of mind is not taciturn, now, whenever the opportunity offers, pours

forth a perfect torrent of words on the subject of Cynthia's perfections. Mrs. Vivian now-a-days, or rather now-a-nights, takes Cynthia to and fro pretty often (Cynthia and Blanche have struck up a friendship), and the evenings that Harry and I spend at home he looks upon as hours set apart for the expounding of his hopes and his fears. And here comes in Laura's latest and largest grievance. She bitterly resents my sitting below with Harry and his cigarettes after dinner whilst she writes letters in the drawing-room. Why, please, may not I sit with my own brother, or with anybody else's brother, for all that, and not be treated as if I had broken every law, human and divine? It is absurd. If Laura chose to use the sense with which I suppose an indulgent Providence provided her, would not she know that you, Harry, and I must be more to each other than she is to us? But she will not acquiesce.

When first we came to London, Harry did not trouble about her one way or the other, but accepted her as he does the stair-carpet—as part of the furnishings of the house, though the stair-carpet happily does not rise up and require of each wanderer who returns a map indicating with Ordnance Survey exactitude the course of his wanderings. But during the last week or two Harry has come to consider Laura the personification of his life's evil. He thinks she means to marry Cynthia to Sir Augustus. And really I don't know that she does not.

Laura, you see, as befits her unimaginative nature, has the greatest possible respect for this world's goods; a "comfortable establishment," massive diamonds in obtrusively solid set-

ting, powdered footmen, and carriage horses, with bearing reins cruelly tightened, are all things for which, in her opinion, to give thanks kneeling in church. The crowned peacock crests poised upon the Pampesford-Royal gates, and let into every available stretch of bricks and mortar—Sir Augustus has shown us photographs of Pampesford-Royal—would not bore her or have anything of the ridiculous about them to her eyes. Cynthia is her niece, and her pretty-well penniless niece, and I am by no means sure that, from Laura's standpoint, the marriage is not only desirable, but supremely advantageous. If Cynthia was of Laura's fibre, it might not be wholly disastrous, but Cynthia, as women are apt to do more or less, inherits her father's temperament, I fancy, and to Colonel Leagrave loaves and fishes never seemed to count for much. I don't know what to do. The fact that Harry is my brother both drives me on and holds me back. Harry is a poor man, and to marry Harry would be, in the judgment of the vulgar world and all who serve Mammon, a poor marriage. And that thought restrains me when I feel I must go to this motherless Cynthia and tell her that she had better fling her life into the gutter than marry some one for whom she does not care. She is an unsophisticated child, and is it not criminal to stand by and let so mercenary a marriage come to pass? If Harry were not in the running, or were I wholly sure that Cynthia is one of those to whom the things which money-bags cannot pay for are the worth-having things, I would make over my opinion to her forthwith; but as it is, I don't know about bringing pressure to bear? She is open to influence, and is readier to succumb than to oppose, and my words possibly might carry undue weight. Do please tell me what you think.

I unfolded the story of my encoun-

ters with Sir Augustus to Harry. I thought that the present turn of affairs demanded that I should. At first he laughed loudly, and then, poor fellow, he slid back into gloom, and said in doleful accents, "The ass evidently means to marry."

Sir Augustus at present "waits" upon us (no other word seems to fit the grandiloquent proceeding) with the superfluous regularity of General Leite when, with his suite, he came daily to ask the Duke of Wellington how he had passed the night, even when the duke's night had been passed in the trenches. And he is received by Laura with a far fuller measure of cordiality than the politeness of the Spanish commander-in-chief drew from the duke.

When I attempt to sound her as to the object of the surplus visitations, she looks mysterious and rings the bell for Blake, with some such excuse as that she needs *eau de Cologne*, or wishes to change her shoes. You will probably think that it is impossible for Cynthia to accept Sir Augustus, as you only know him as a pompous, middle-aged (or to quote Mrs. Vivian) mediæval bore; but Cynthia is young enough and undeveloped enough, morally and mentally, to marry, at Laura's bidding, almost anybody. She thinks Sir Augustus "very good natured." She thinks Harry "very good natured," too. She is right, but it is not good nature that forces Sir Augustus, puffing and panting, up these stairs daily, nor is it good nature in the ordinary sense of the word that sends Harry from his soup to the front door if, in answer to Cynthia's inquiries at dinner-time, Turnbull reluctantly admits that Trelawney was seen to go up the area steps, but not to come down them again. I witnessed another instance of Harry's imperturbable good nature yesterday. Instead of keeping an appointment at his club, he held the feathered forms

of Blair and Atholl whilst Cynthia, armed with gilded scissors in the form of a stork, shortened the claws of the beloved birds.

Now I have your letter. Thank you for it and for the book. You may disclaim all knowledge of European politics, but the science of conveying your opinion upon the politics of others seems, my dear Sir, within your ken. From the comments accompanying the extracts from Charles' address, I don't somehow fancy that the balance of parties is likely to be changed by our brother's Dampshire exploits?

I wonder if our nineteenth-century handicraft monstrosities will be the curios of the twenty-second century? Time can hardly succeed in making Kidderminster carpets and early Victorian furniture beautiful, but Time may make them quaint. Even the portrait of a provincial mayor, when 300 years have passed over its head, may come to have a certain *cachet*. I don't think that some of our old Etchinghams of the sixteenth century, grim Sir Nicholas with his thumb in his magnificent chain for example, can have beautified the walls when first hung.

Perhaps at last will be discovered the laws that govern artistic achievement, and the conditions that help or hinder the sowing, the flowering, and the seed-time of art. What a thing it would be if research enabled the chemists to furnish the London County Council with soil, and even climate, congenial to the æsthetic growth. Can soil influence the choice of medium? Pastel should flourish on chalk, water-color on sand or gravel, and oil on clay, talking nonsense, it seems to me.

Minnie, guided by Mrs. Potters (of whom Harry irreverently speaks as Mrs. Potters' Bar), addressed a Clay-shott mothers' meeting, I hear, and

spoke to the "mothers," a body of substantial and comfortable women, of the abomination of female out-of-door labor. The worthy mothers were greatly incensed, and met the expression of Minnie's sympathy for women field-workers as would Laura, did Mrs. Vivian include her when commiserating the hardships of washerwomen.

Stephen does not forget, if you do, his wish to visit Tolcarne. He is quite pleasant, and I think that he and Minnie would amuse one another if under your roof at one and the same time. But that is your affair, not mine. Stephen thinks to glean some West country-folk lore from Mr. Follett, some of the legends that dub Sir Francis Drake with a wizardry akin to that with which the Italian peasants endowed Virgil. From me he can get nothing but the well-known superstition that Sir Francis leads the Wild Hunt over Dartmoor, and rises to join in the revels at the beating at Buckland Abbey of the drum he carried round the world. With this old epitaph Stephen's monograph is to close:—

Where Drake first found, there last
he lost his name,
And for a tomb left nothing but his
fame,
His body's buried under some great
wave,
The sea that was his glory is his
grave.

Now Alice Newton has fallen ill, and your friend Mr. Shipley is unhappy about her. Colonel Newton so far has not realized that wailing robes with reason might be donned. I felt sure that she would collapse. She was always a fugitive creature, and of late she has looked intangible as one of Maeterlinck's dream-women. She said to me the other day, "You see, one can be dead and be still going about and people don't know that one is dead. That is the curious part of it." Her old nurse, who was the child's nurse

too, appeared when I went to see Alice yesterday, and, though I tried to stop her, she would, undeterred by Mr. Shipley's presence, tell me of Alice's misery since the child died. "Mrs. Newton, M'm, she would come wandering up into the room that was the day-nursery, at three and four o'clock in the morning, and walk up and down and cry by the hour." Mr. Shipley is devoted to his sister, and I am very sorry for him. When you come to London you must hold out the hand of friendship to him. He asks for Tolcarne news frequently.

Would you like a copy of Willughby's Birds—"The Ornithology of Francis Willughby of Middleton in the County of Warwick, Esq."—the text in English, London, 1678? Laura met me the other evening on the doorstep with the book under my arm. I saw it lying in a dim, dusty shop to which I repaired in search of something else, and I had not the heart to leave it. Laura hates old books, looking upon them but as dust-catchers and germ-carriers. When reigning at Tolcarne she put John Florio into a room with a sulphur candle, to my intense indignation. The Willughby is hardly a pocket-volume, and I could not conceal it, as, to save an argument, I would have done. "What in the world is the use of such a book to you, Elizabeth?" Laura inquired. "I shall give it to Richard," I said; so don't turn me into a liar by refusing it. The Willughby will be happier at Tolcarne than in Hans Place.

Publication brings strange shelf-fellows, I thought, as I glanced at the books in our bookcase this morning. Laura's Marie Corelli, Edna Lyall, and then Herrick and Catullus, all in a row. If contrast is attractive, Maeterlinck and Dr. Johnson, cheek by jowl, as we have them here, are desirable. (Dr. Johnson: "Sir, you are a fool." Maeterlinck: "I am not happy. I am

not happy.") For myself, as in the long run I prefer a chime to a clash, a harmony to a discord, I have half a mind to carry Maeterlinck to Mr. Vivian presently. Mr. Vivian (a figure of silence not of speech, to quote his wife) buys a Burne-Jones whenever he can get one. When Burne-Jones is on the wall Maeterlinck should be in the bookcase. Do invent a conversation between M. Maeterlinck and Dr. Johnson, and mention, too, what Mr. Maeterlinck would say to a Hogarth, and Dr. Johnson to a Burne-Jones.

Now, good-bye. I have rather written out my evil temper, and no longer feel that every one is trying to beat the record of his or her past troublesomeness. I begin to reproach myself also for my denunciation of Laura. However, it shall go (there is nothing like a remorse for paring down ill-temper to reasonable dimensions), and please don't be a hundred years answering. I am impatient to hear what you think about the Harry-Cynthia-Laura-Sir Augustus affair. I am rather inclined to expect the worst—Cynthia being a childish creature, used to authority, and of the stuff of which victims are made, whilst Laura, in her quiet way, is obstinate as the Pope's mule. Sometimes I wish that Harry would propose to Cynthia, and have done with it. But he thinks by so doing he might lose the little he has got. I don't, as you see, know what to say or to leave unsaid, and don't agree with myself for five minutes consecutively. I shall try and reduce my thoughts to order by reading your little old book. Laura dines with Mrs. Carstairs to-night. Harry is bidden somewhere whither Mrs. Vivian is conveying Cynthia. Sir Augustus is decorating with his presence a Primrose League Entertainment, so the family and the family's adjunct are happily disposed of, and I shall spend

the evening with Trelawney and "The Voyage of Italy."

Your obedient servant, your loving
sister, Elizabeth.

XVI.

Sir Richard Etchingham to Miss Elizabeth Etchingham.

My Dear Elizabeth,—You shall have a short and prompt answer for once. Why can't you send Cynthia here along with Stephen? It would put her out of harm's way for a while at any rate, and give you time and occasions to test your conjectures.

This is sickening stuff about poor marriages. What had Maggie and I before we married, and what had we not afterwards?—There—you know there are some things I cannot put on paper even to you.

Don't be worried out of your evening sessions with Harry, whatever you do; and be firm. The head of the family is with you for whatever that office is worth in this present Kali Yug.

Yours ever,

R. E.

XVII.

From Lady Etchingham, 83 Hans Place, to Sir Richard Etchingham, Tolcarne.

My Dear Richard,—I have not seen your letter, but I understand from Elizabeth that you have kindly invited Cynthia to Tolcarne for Whitsuntide.

I am sure that Cynthia would be very pleased to be with Margaret, but I am afraid that I do not quite see how it can be managed just at present. Elizabeth, who has been very much taken up with Mrs. Newton lately, proposes, I now suddenly hear, to start off with her to the sea for a few days next week. You know what Elizabeth is when she takes people up violently,

and how impulsive. Mr. Shipley, Mrs. Newton's brother, called last evening to say that the doctors suggest change of air for Mrs. Newton, whose health has been, I believe, very unsatisfactory lately from insomnia and nervous exhaustion, and would Elizabeth be persuaded to go, too, as his sister had an invalid's fancy to have Elizabeth with her. I do not myself see the need as, if Mrs. Newton does not consider her husband sufficient escort, there is a sister-in-law—a Mrs. Ware—quite willing to be of use and accustomed to illness. I remember her telling me the first time I met her that Mr. Ware had been completely paralyzed for five years before he died. Also, as I told Elizabeth, I think it quite possible that Mr. Shipley just suggested her accompanying Mrs. Newton, thinking she might enjoy the trip. She often speaks of her dislike of London, which is, I think, a mistake. Mrs. Newton, I fear, is on the verge of melancholia, and would really be best left with her husband, who no doubt understands her temperament.

If Elizabeth is to be away for several days with her friend, I feel quite sure that Cynthia would not consent to leave me wholly alone, much as I should like her to have the pleasure of a visit to Tolcarne. My eyes have troubled me a good deal lately, and I have rheumatic gout in my hands (from weakness, Dr. Bowles says), and to sit alone, unoccupied, though I am quite willing to undergo it if Elizabeth thinks it will amuse her to be with Mrs. Newton, is not, I know, what others would choose for me. I really quite think, also, that for Cynthia's own sake it is better for her to remain quietly at home till the weather is more settled. You have had heavy rains I hear from Mrs. Follitt, and dear Tolcarne, of course, is damp. I always considered the roof faulty. I hope you have had no recurrence of

your old attacks, and with love to Margaret and yourself,

Believe me, affectionately yours,
Laura F. Etchingham.

XVIII.

From Miss Elizabeth Etchingham to
Sir Richard Etchingham.

Dearest Dickory,—Thanks very much for your letter. It was just exactly what I wanted, and it has stiffened me. Cynthia would be perfectly content at Tolcarne with Margaret and Stephen, and he and she can travel down together. I will propose it at once, and I should hardly think that Laura's hard-worked team of phantom lions could be trotted out to block this path.

I am summoned to the drawing-room, and rumor reports Mr. Shipley's arrival with a message from Alice. So here endeth this epistle.

Your loving sister,

Elizabeth.

P. S.—Send me a supplementary letter soon, and in it wrap up a recipe for patience and a right judgment in all things.

XIX.

Sir Richard Etchingham to Miss
Elizabeth Etchingham.

My Dear Elizabeth,—Let a pleasant thing come first. I shall be delighted to have Willughby's Birds; the rather that I had almost forgotten what home birds are like. Did I ever tell you that among the great Akbar's accomplishments was a lively interest in the natural history of Hindustan? The work of encyclopædic Indian statistics (or as near statistics as Asiatic scribes could get), compiled under his charge, includes elaborate figures of Indian plants. I wish the ingenious Mr. Traill would add a dialogue between Elizabeth and Akbar, wherever they ought

to be, to his "New Lucian." Akbar deserves to be in the eagle's eye in the sphere of Jupiter, whether Dante's principles could make room for him there or not. I am not so sure about Elizabeth. Akbar could have taught her not to scamp the supplies of stores and ammunition to her fleet. If ever the Government of India gets a piping time of peace before the coming of the Cocqelgrues, there ought to be an adequate life of Akbar produced by a combination of European and Indian scholarship. He wanted, like Frederick II. some centuries earlier, to do more than was possible for any one man, including the foundation of a universal religion. But he was a magnificently ambitious prince, and his peccadillos were trifling, as the sins of Eastern despots go. There should also be a great publication of his architecture at Fatehpur-Sikri, that city of palaces which stands to this day deserted, but not ruined. It is more impressive in some ways than any of the show monuments of Delhi or Agra.

The British public does not appreciate the "New Lucian," I fear, perhaps never will. Mr. Traill's humor is too subtle for the general. But there will always be a select number to delight in it. His work, if it is not so brilliant as Lander's, is free from Lander's prejudices and crankiness, and the violent disproportions introduced by them into Lander's Imaginary Conversations; and sometimes it rises to a note of historic tragedy, as in the dialogue between Alexander II. and Peter the Great. If you ever meet with the comments of the Canaanitish press on the Exodus—written by Traill before the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war in 1876—grapple those few leaves without fail. But you won't, for it has become one of the really scarce pamphlets of our time, and I doubt if it is to be had for money.

Sir Augustus' proceedings are very

dark to me. There is nothing impossible in a vulgar ambitious man being captivated by a fresh pretty face; and yet I fancy somehow that his ambition is more calculating, and can hardly conceive that ruling passion being dethroned. Watch, I say again, and keep Harry out of despondency if you can. Cynthia is unformed, and may change her mind once and again before she fixes it; I cherish hopes that the final direction may be right.

Stephen Legrave has settled to come here next week, with a quite neat and official disquisition on Secondary Education thrown in. Charles may tackle him on that subject if he likes, and give the Clayshott electors the benefit of the result. It will be about as useful and intelligible to them as the other matters Charles is committing himself to in his address. Here comes by the same post your note, and a gushing billet from Minnie, omitting

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to specify the date of arrival, for which I particularly asked, so there will most likely be a morning of telegraphing: and a letter from Laura, who is verily of the tribe of the úzak-hís, if odious virtues ever made any one so: I enclose it for your edification. You see she is too many for you as regards my little plan about Cynthia. She carefully misspells Mrs. Follett's name. If there is a thing I detest it is misspelt names.

I have had to explain to several people that Wei-hai-wei is not in the sphere of the Indian Political Department, and that a smoking acquaintance with cheroots does not make one an authority on Manila. But my comparative study of the Parish and the North Indian Village is going to be a great work.

Your loving brother,

Richard.

(To be continued.)

LEWIS CARROLL.

A shy, retiring Oxford don, a learned mathematician—the author of *Treatises on the Higher Mathematics*, an enthusiastic advocate of a new system of logic, on the one hand; on the other, the devoted lover of children, one whose greatest delight in life was to minister to their happiness and to contribute to their innocent amusement, author of at least two books which must for ever take rank as the very best of their kind—works of a true, if unique, genius, and proving their writer to be a humorist of a very rare order,—such was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, known to the world as “Lewis Carroll.”

Nor is the above list of the talents of

this extraordinary genius complete,—mathematician, logician, and humorist,—he was also a refined and cultured poet. Admittedly one of the greatest masters in the art of light, humorous verse, the publication of a small posthumous volume, entitled: “*Three Sunsets and Other Poems*,” in the beginning of this year—a few weeks after his death—revealed him in an altogether new, and, to many people, doubtless unsuspected, light, viz., as a writer of serious verse. Yet, to those who knew the man, we are informed that there was nothing in the union of these various sides of his character unnatural or inconsistent. But there is still another side of his character

which, although by no means obtruded in his Children books, still leaves its indelible impress there, and that is his profound religiousness and moral earnestness. One who knew him well, and had, therefore, the right to speak authoritatively on the point, says that herein was to be found the keynote of his character. And in this connection it may be mentioned that although he took Holy Orders as a deacon of the Church of England, he was never ordained to the priesthood. "His ministry," we are told, "was seriously hindered by native shyness, and by an impediment in speech which greatly added to his nervousness." Although denied the opportunities afforded to the public preacher, he did not hesitate to make use of the unique opportunities he enjoyed, in virtue of his great popularity as a writer, of propagating and emphasizing certain of his views on religious and moral questions.

Strange as the union of profound religious feeling with the gift of a quaint, almost grotesque, humor may appear to some, to our author himself there was nothing in it of an incongruous nature. In the Appendix to the volume entitled: "Alice Underground," he says on this subject: "I do not believe God means us to divide life into two halves—to wear a grave face on Sunday and to think it out of place to even so much as mention Him on a week day. . . . Surely the children's innocent laughter is as sweet in His ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled up from 'the dim religious light' of some solemn cathedral. And if I have written anything to add to those stores of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame or sorrow (as how much of life must then be recalled), when my turn comes to walk through the valley of shadows."

And again, in the Preface to this same book, he says, in speaking of its genesis:—"The 'Why' of this book cannot, and need not, be put into words. Those for whom a child's mind is a sealed book, and who see no divinity in a child's smile, would read such words in vain; while, for any one that has ever loved one true child, no words are needed. For he will have known the awe that falls on one in the presence of a spirit, fresh from God's hands, on whom no shadow of sin, and but the outermost fringe of the shadow of sorrow, has yet fallen; he will have felt the bitter contrast between the haunting selfishness that spoils his best deeds and the life that is but an overflowing love—for I think a child's first attitude to the world is a simple love for all living things,—and he will have learned that the best work a man can do is when he works for love's sake only, with no thought of name, or gain, or earthly reward. No deed of ours, I suppose, on this side of the grave, is really unselfish; yet if one can put forth all one's powers in a task where nothing of reward is hoped for but a little child's whispered thanks and the airy touch of a little child's pure lips, one seems to come somewhere near to this."

These extracts reveal the light in which he regarded his own writings for children; and serve to explain what, as we have said, seems to many the strange anomaly of a man of profound religious feeling—and almost of puritan strictness—devoting himself to the production of what are commonly denoted as "nonsense" books.

It is not our purpose to deal with the student and scholarly side of our author's life; it is not with Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, the student and Mathematical Lecturer of Christ Church, Oxford, but with Lewis Carroll that we purpose dealing. At the same time, it may be well, before pass-

ing on to consider the writer, to say a word or two regarding the man. Son of the Rev. Charles Dodgson, Archdeacon of Richmond, he was born on the 27th January, 1832, at Daresbury Parsonage, Cheshire. He was educated at Rugby, whence he passed to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1850, where he graduated in 1854. He was made a student of his college on the nomination of Dr. Pusey; and, in 1855, mathematical lecturer, an office he held till 1881. As descriptive of the man, we cannot do better than quote a few sentences from an article by one who knew him well and was his colleague at Christ Church, Oxford:—

"He was a most laborious worker, always disliking to break off from the pursuit of any subject which interested him; apt to forget his meals and toll on for the best part of the night, rather than stop short of the object which he had in view.

"A person who works in this way is usually dependent on his moods; and if the mood for work rarely visits him, he gets very little done. A man who separates himself from what is called University business, who pursues a recondite subject at hours that differ widely from those of the majority, can be indeed solitary in Oxford. To a large extent, especially in his late years, Mr. Dodgson did live as a recluse. There must be many people in Oxford who did not know him by sight, and still more who never spoke to him. To all these it must have been a marvel that such books as the "Lewis Carroll Series" and the works on Mathematics should have come from one retiring Academic don. But those who knew him ceased to find it puzzling. There was always the same mind displayed in his talk. When he was play-

ful, or inclined to be paradoxical, he could be as irresistibly funny as any of the characters in his books. The things he said in conversation do not lend themselves to description. He talked readily and naturally in connection with what was going on around him; and his power lay, as seen so often in his books, in suddenly revealing a new meaning in some ordinary expression, or in developing unexpected consequences from a very ordinary idea. Jokes like these require a long explanation of the circumstances to make them intelligible. They are not like the carefully elaborated impromptu which is easily handed about, being specially prepared for exportation. In the same way, Mr. Dodgson was always ready to talk upon serious subjects; and then, though he restrained his sense of humor completely, he still presented you with unexpected and frequently perplexing points of view."

But there was another side of his character revealed in his intercourse with children; and it may be interesting to quote from one who enjoyed his intimacy as one of his child friends. She has described how she first made his acquaintance while travelling with her two elder sisters. "Our nurse," she writes, "must have been telling us a story. My eldest sister was, I believe, very cross at a stranger getting in and interrupting it, but in a very few minutes we were the best of friends and clustered around him whilst he amused us with little puzzles and a variety of things. We did not in the least know who he was. There was no formal introduction, the whole thing was purely chance. Just before we got out he asked us if we had ever read 'Alice in Wonderland,' and told us he was the author of it, and would send us a copy. The book was soon received, and inscribed in it was:—"To Three Little Puzzled Girls. From the

¹ See Cornhill Magazine, p. 209, March, "Lewis Carroll," by the Rev. T. B. Strong, Senior Censor, Christ Church, Oxford.

Author,' and the following lines of his own composition:—

Three little maidens, weary of the
rail,
Three pairs of little ears listening to a
tale.
Three little hands held out in readi-
ness
For three little puzzles very hard to
guess.
Three pairs of little eyes, in wonder
open wide
At three little scissors lying side by
side;
Three little mouths that thanked an
unknown friend
For one little book he undertook to
send;
But whether they'll remember the
friend, or book, or day,
For three little weeks is very hard to
say.

"The acquaintance thus informally
begun lasted till Lewis Carroll's death.
His little friends spent, from time to
time, long, happy days with him at
Guildford and at Christ Church; and
as each of his books came out, he pre-
sented them with copies, writing in
these presentation copies a few lines.
The following were inscribed in a copy
of 'Phantasmagoria and Other Poems':

Three little maids one winter-day
While others went to feed,
To sing, to laugh, to dance, to play,
More wisely went to—Reed.

Others, when lesson time begun
Went half inclined to cry,
Some in a walk, some in a run;
But these went in a Fly.

I give to other little maids
A smile, a kiss, a look,
Presents whose memory quickly
fades.
I give to these—a Book.

"Happy Arcadia" may blind
While "all abroad" their eyes;
At home this book (I trust) they'll find
A very "catching prize."

Jan. 23d, 1873.

"Children's society," the same lady
writes, "was his recreation, and noth-

ing delighted him more than to take
them now and again to a play; but,
with his innate refinement and high
moral ideas, he was naturally very
particular as to the plays he took them
to see."

It may be added that he took a great
interest in the question of the employ-
ment of children in theatres at panto-
mime time.

Such was the man himself; but to
know him truly one has to know his
works. Mr. Strong, in the article al-
ready referred to, says, "Those who
knew him and mourn his loss are able
to read between the lines in his books,
and see there the working of the mind
they knew; for the cast of his thought
was very much the same in everything
he approached; the humor of "Alice"
and the other books was one manifesta-
tion of an original and perhaps some-
what eccentric genius. And those who
knew him only through his books have
a real knowledge of him; they are not
looking at a mere fanciful product of
his leisure, though they learn from
others how natural it seems that a
clever, simple-hearted and religious
man should express himself in books
for children of all ages."

It is now more than thirty years ago
since "Alice's Adventures in Wonder-
land" was first published. The book
at once met with widespread apprecia-
tion. Some years later, a companion
volume, entitled, "Through the Look-
ing Glass," made its appearance, and
soon became equally popular. How
many editions of these inimitable
books have since been reprinted, we
know not; yet we may surely take it
for granted that, since their publica-
tion, few children, amongst those who
are fortunate enough to enjoy the priv-
ilege of having children's books, have
been brought up in ignorance of these
"classics of the nursery."

But the two "Allices" are not merely
"classics of the nursery," they are

something more. How many older children—"children of an uncertain age," as their author naively calls them in his preface to "The Nursery Alice"—have delighted in their pages and laughed over their droll humor! There is, indeed, much in that humor which appeals only to such "older children;" and no books written for children, within recent years, have enjoyed such a marvellous popularity, or have been so extensively quoted in all sorts of connections as the "Alices." Their humor has given point to many a witty political speech in our Houses of Parliament; they have been quoted in leading articles in our most influential newspapers; and have suggested many a brilliant satirical cartoon in our greatest of comic papers. In short, much of them has become proverbial! Surely this proves that Lewis Carroll was a humorist of a very high order.

Yet, although it may fairly be said that children cannot entirely appreciate Carroll's humor, there is a side of it which is perfectly obvious to the childish mind. Children, it has often been truly remarked, cannot appreciate the higher kind of humor; they can and do most emphatically appreciate the humor of the grotesque, the whimsicality of the direct burlesque. In this kind of humor Carroll was a master. Such humor has sometimes been called "nonsense"—using that word in a specially limited sense, as in the phrases, "nonsense rhymes" or "nonsense books." To write such nonsense is, as most people know, not an easy thing. The art of doing so is as much a natural gift as the art of poesy itself. In Carroll's own words:—

I've tried, and can only say
I'm sure you couldn't do it e-
Ven if you practised night and day,
Unless you had a turn that way
And natural ingenuity.²

² "Rhyme and Reason."—*Phantasmagoria*—Hys Nourytture, p. 31.

And, using the word in this sense, it may be said that he was one of the greatest of nonsense writers. This whimsical humor of his revealed to him the ridiculous and grotesque side of things. It might be illustrated by a large number of quotations. It is strikingly exemplified, for instance, in that charmingly droll scene in which a discussion takes place as to the impossibility of carrying out the Queen's orders to execute the Cheshire Cat:—"The Executioner's argument was that you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from; that he had never had to do such a thing before, and he wasn't going to begin at his time of his life. The King's argument was, that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and that you weren't to talk nonsense. The Queen's argument was, that if something wasn't done about it, in less than no time, she'd have everybody executed, all round." Or, in the following verse in his amusing poem, "*Phantasmagoria*":—

Shakespeare, I think it is, who treats
Of ghosts in days of old,
Who gibbered in the Roman streets,
Dressed, if you recollect, in sheets—
They must have found it cold.

This whimsical humor is further illustrated by such ideas as the "backward" nature of everything in "*Looking-Glass House*." Books there are printed backwards; when you want to go forwards you have to go backwards; and the pain of a wound precedes the wound itself. Much of the humor in "*Alice through the Looking-Glass*" (which is distinctly the cleverer of the two books, but is undoubtedly less popular among children), consists of making fun of certain commonly used solecisms—such as "seeing nobody," "answering the door," &c., &c. Very amusing, also, are the different etymologies of certain words. The

idea of portmanteau words—two meanings packed up into one word—is delicious.

But with this grotesque humor there is much of a subtler nature. Some of the poems—how delightfully the old familiar rhymes are jumbled—are extremely clever satires on certain modern poems in which sense is sacrificed to sound (e. g. *Jabberwocky* in "Alice through the Looking-glass.") How charmingly satirized, too, in the different animals, are the characters of many human animals. Their argumentativeness is intensely human. The laconic, grumpy old person, always snappishly taking up things literally, and always ready to contradict every statement, is represented in such animals as the caterpillar (in "Alice in Wonderland"), and the sheep and the Queens (in "Through the Looking-Glass"); the incessant punster by the gnat (in "Through the Looking-Glass"). Humpty dumpty, who undertook "to explain all the poems that ever were invented, and a good many that haven't been invented just yet," stands for a perfectly recognizable human type; while the immortal Duchess with her weakness for morals, which reaches a climax, it will be remembered, in the following:—"Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been would have appeared to them to be otherwise"—is done to the life. The White Knight, with his craze for inventions, is a character not wanting in pathos, and is somehow reminiscent of the immortal Don Quixote himself. What a grim humor the Carpenter had who said nothing but "The butter's spread too thick." How pathetic, too, was the Mock Turtle's story; and was there ever a madder Tea-party than the Hatter's! Characters like Tweedledum and Tweedledee stand out as the inimitable creations of pure genius.

The interest is unflaggingly maintained through page after page of these stories; every sentence of them is droll.

And yet, despite the grotesqueness of the humor, how natural are the thoughts. The two "Alices" are dreams, and the ideas that Alice has are just such as every child has. In "Alice in Wonderland," she dreams that she falls through the earth and reflects, "How funny it will seem to come out among the people that walk with heads downwards." How natural is this idea to a child who has just been taught that the earth is round. How charming, also, is her expectation that she will have no difficulty in ascertaining the different places, because their names will be written up just as at railway stations. So also is her precaution in looking at the label of the bottle marked "Drink me," to see if there was no other label with the word "poison." The old-fashioned phrases she often uses are such as a child picks up from her elders; and her habit of speaking to herself, and her delicacy in wounding the feelings of others, may be further instanced as singularly natural traits in her character. The strange jumble of ideas in the child's mind is admirably described, and the idea of introducing such fabulous animals as the Dodo, the Gryphon, and the Unicorn is most happy; and how amusingly the tables are turned when the Unicorn, on being introduced to Alice, says that he always thought that children were fabulous monsters, and, further, inquires if Alice is really alive.

The poems in the volumes have long taken their place as classics of this type of poetry. Here and there, too, we have a delicate piece of poetical fancy introduced, as, for example:—

"Do you hear the snow against the window-panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds. Just as if some one

was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow *loves* the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt, and perhaps it says, 'Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.'

After reading these delightful stories, do we not realize the truth contained in the author's lines:—

We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bed-time near.

And echo the sentiment of the Times reviewer, who wrote of "Alice in Wonderland;" "This nonsense is far more charming than half the literature bought and sold as solid sense." And do we not often dream of little Alice herself, "with her tiny hands clasped upon her knee, and her bright, eager eyes looking up into ours. The long grass rustles at our feet again as the White Rabbit hurries by, and the frightened mouse splashes his way through the neighboring pool. We hear the rattle of the tea-cups as the March Hare and his friends share their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution. Once more we hear the Pig-baby sneezing on the Duchess' knee, while plates and dishes crash around it. Once more we hear the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs mixed up with the distant sob of the miserable Mock Turtle.

"And we will sit, as sometimes Alice's sister sat, with closed eyes, and half-believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again and all would change to dull reality—the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds—the rattling tea-cups would change to

tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy—and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all the other queer noises would change to the confused clamor of the busy farmyard.

"And we would picture to ourselves, as she would picture to herself, how little Alice would, in the aftertime, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood; and how she would gather about her other little children, and make *their* eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago; and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life and the happy summer days."

In speaking of these delightful works, it is impossible to omit all reference to their wonderful illustrations by Sir John Tenniel. It is only fair to say that half their charm is due to the artist; and it has been asserted by competent authorities that, in the inimitable illustrations to the "Alices," is to be found some of the great Punch Cartoonist's best work.

A long interval elapsed between the appearance of the "Alices" and the next contribution by Lewis Carroll to child literature. But in 1886 appeared "Alice's Adventures Underground," being a facsimile of the original MS. book, afterwards developed into "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland; A Christmas Gift to a Dear Child in Memory of a Summer Day." It shows what a wonderful MS. the original must have been. Never did a more exquisite MS. come from author's hand. It is all hand printed. Not least interesting are the author's own illustrations, which are distinctly clever, if

* "Alice in Wonderland," p. 190.

quaint and in certain places grotesque. In many of them may be traced the hint of those which subsequently replaced them, and are now so familiar, by Sir John Tenniel.

The book, it is generally understood, was written for Dean Liddell's children, and in the Preface the author says:—

"There was no idea of publication in my mind when I wrote this little book; that was wholly an afterthought, pressed on me by the, perhaps, too partial friends who always have to bear the blame when a writer rushes into print; and I can truly say that no praise of theirs has ever given me one hundredth part of the pleasure it has been to think of the sick children in hospitals (where it has been a delight to me to send copies), forgetting for a few bright hours their pain and weariness." And in a Postscript it is announced that "the profits, if any, of this book will be given to Children's Hospitals and Convalescent Homes for Sick Children."

In view of this, there is a particular appropriateness in the form which the testimonials to Lewis Carroll's memory have taken.*

The Appendix consists of an Easter Greeting "To every Child who loves Alice;" and includes some very pretty verses entitled, "From a Fairy to a Child," beginning:—

Lady dear, if Fairies may
For a moment lay aside
Cunning tricks and elfish play,
'Tis at happy Christmas tide.

In 1889, the first part of "Sylvie and Bruno" was published; and this was shortly afterwards followed by "Sylvie and Bruno" (concluded). It may be at once frankly said that these books, de-

spite the fact that they are charmingly written—as indeed everything was which came from Lewis Carroll's pen—are far inferior to the "Alices." They are marred by a self-conscious and didactic note. Here and there are happy flashes of the old humor which remind us of their famous predecessors, but these are few and far between. Yet, in so criticising them, we must remember that it is their author himself who has enabled us to do so; for, had we not the "Alices" as a standard to judge by, there can be little doubt that their merit is such as to have created for a new author an enviable reputation. To the critic of Lewis Carroll's works they are especially interesting. They reveal, we cannot doubt, much of the author's character. In every page we have the reflection of a singularly pure and noble mind. The following are the verses which stand on the dedication page:—

Is all our life, then, but a dream,
Seen faintly in the golden gleam
Athwart Time's dark, resistless
stream?

Bowed to the earth with bitter woe,
Or laughing at some rare-show,
We flutter idly to and fro.

Man's little day in haste we spend,
And from its merry noontide send
No glance to meet the silent end.

In the Preface we have the serious note, indicated in these verses, reiterated; and a statement of how the ideas contained in the book came to the author:—"I jotted down," he says, "at odd moments, all sorts of odd ideas and fragments of dialogue that occurred to me—who knows how—with a transitory suddenness that left me no choice but either to record them then and there or to abandon them to oblivion." Some of the ideas, he tells us, came to him in dreams.

In the Preface to the second volume he says "Sylvie and Bruno" is an at-

* So far as the present writer is aware, these testimonials consist of a Children's Cot in the Victoria Hospital, London; a Children's Cot in a Glasgow Hospital, and one in Stirling, the two latter being in process of subscription.

tempt to show what might possibly happen, supposing that fairies really existed and that they were sometimes visible to us and we to them. "It is written, not for money, and not for fame, but in the hope of supplying for the children whom I love some thoughts that may suit their hours of innocent merriment which are the life of childhood; and also in the hope of suggesting to them and to others some thoughts that may prove, I would fain hope, not wholly out of harmony with the graver cadences of life." In these thoughts, "not wholly out of harmony with the graver cadences of life," we have the author's views on the justification of the introduction of religious topics into a book of amusement. *Apropos* of this question, he goes on to discuss the question of sudden death and the frequenting of places of amusement. While a playgoer himself, he realized, as all seriously-minded persons indeed must do, the fact that many pieces presented on the modern stage are unworthy of such representation; and, referring to the morality of attending such performances, he says:—"Be sure the safest rule is that we should not dare to live in any scene in which we dare not die;" and continuing the discussion of the same theme of sudden death, he adds:—"Once realize what the true object is in life—that it is not pleasure, not knowledge, not even Fame itself, that last infirmity of noble minds; but that it is the development of character, the rising to the perfect Man—and then, so long as we feel that this is going on and will, we trust, go on for evermore, death has for us no terror; it is not a shadow but a light, not an end but a beginning."

The morality of sport is next discussed. The author admits, in the Preface to the second volume, that the question is a complex one. He attempts to sum it up as follows:—"God

has given to man an absolute right to take the lives of animals for any reasonable cause, such as the supply of food; but he has not given the right to inflict pain unless when necessary. Mere pleasure or advantage does not constitute such a necessity; consequently, pain inflicted for the purpose of sport is cruel and therefore wrong. But," he adds, "I find it a far more complex question than I had supposed, and the cause, on the side of the sportsman, a much stronger one than I had supposed."

He is very severe on the introduction of sacred names and words into comic anecdotes. Other moral questions discussed in these Prefaces, as well as in the books themselves, are the sacredness of engagement promises, the use of wealth, &c.

However much we may differ from the author on the fitness of such digressions in a work of the kind—and we think every literary critic will be at one in holding that they constitute one of the serious defects of the book, from an artistic point of view—they are extremely interesting nevertheless, as revealing to his many admirers the author's own views on such topics. But, despite these strictures on the "Sylvie and Brunos," they must remain very beautiful possessions of the child, with their amusing illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss. We have a double story running throughout—a novel, and, in the opinion of the cynical critic, doubtless a sentimental novel, along with a fairy tale. The transition from the one story to the other is startling in its abruptness, and there is much in it to mar the artistic unity of the book, and this, despite the very clever way in which the transition is effected. There is in the novel that haunting, pathetic note, which is characteristic of our author's serious verse; and, although in the book all ends well, there can be no doubt that

the happy ending is a violation of the original intention. There are pages in these works where the subjects discussed are of such a subtle nature that they are bound to be far beyond a child's comprehension. Their moral tone—that is, their predominating moral tone—is kindness and thoughtfulness for the sufferings of others—a lesson Lewis Carroll was never tired of inculcating. Such characters as the Professor, who invented the active Tourist's Portable Bath, as well as three new diseases, besides a new way of breaking your collar-bone; who was so wonderfully clever, and who sometimes said things that only the Other Professor could understand; indeed, who sometimes said things that nobody could understand; and who found that the barometer went sideways—an action which indicated horizontal weather, and who had consequently invented umbrella-topped boots for such weather; the Other Professor, who never bites and is quite tame, who had been reading for $18\frac{3}{4}$ hours and was going to rest for $14\frac{1}{2}$ minutes; the Ambassador, His Adiposity the Baron Dopplegeist, who couldn't well change his name on the journey because of his name on the luggage; the man who took so long to feel pain that his grandchildren only felt it, are all reminiscent of the wonderful and grotesque humor of the author of the "Alices."

Of the poetry scattered throughout these volumes, much lacks the note of what may be described as inspired nonsense. What it is that constitutes successful nonsense poetry it is impossible to say, but all can distinguish the true article when they see it. "The Gardener's Song," however, must be exempted—it is quite in the author's happiest style:—

He thought he saw an Elephant
That practised on a fife;
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.

"At length I realize," he said,
"The Bitterness of Life."

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece;
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave the house," he said,
"I'll send for the Police."

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek;
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak."

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus;
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us."

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a Coffee-mill;
He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable Pill.
"Were I to swallow this," he said,
"I should be very ill."

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed;
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
"Poor thing," he said, "poor, silly
thing,
It's waiting to be fed."

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp;
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny Postage-Stamp.
"You'd best be going home," he said,
"The nights are very damp."

He thought he saw a Garden-Door
That opened with a key;
He looked again, and found it was
A Double Rule of Three.
"And all its mystery," he said,
"Is clear as day to me."

He thought he saw an argument
That proved he was the Pope;
He looked again, and found it was
A bar of mottled soap.
"A fact so dread," he faintly said,
"Extinguishes all hope."

Here and there we have other verses,
which, while inferior to the author's

earlier ones, are yet amusing. Such, for example, is the one beginning:—

There was a pig that sat alone
Beside a ruined pump,
By day and night he made his moan,
It would have stirred a heart of stone
To see him wring his hoofs and groan,
Because he could not jump.

The verses to the Doll, Matilda Jane, are charming. They are as follows:—

Matilda Jane, you never look,
At any toy or picture-book;
I show you pretty things in vain,
You must be blind, Matilda Jane.

I ask you riddles, tell you tales,
But all our conversation fails,
You never answer me again,
I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane.

Matilda, darling, when I call,
You never seem to hear at all;
I shout with all my might and main,
But you're so deaf, Matilda Jane.

Matilda Jane, you needn't mind,
For though you're deaf, and dumb,
and blind,
There's some one loves you, it is plain,
And that is me, Matilda Jane.

Of Lewis Carroll's other published works, those still unnoticed are:—"The Nursery Alice," containing 20 colored enlargements from Tenniel's illustrations to the above, with text adapted to nursery readers—this is an abridged form of the "Alices," and can hardly be pronounced very successful; "Syzygies and Lanrick"—a word puzzle and a game for two players; "Notes by an Oxford Chiel"—being a Series of Satires on Oxford Subjects; "Symbolic Logic: An Attempt to Reform the Ordinary Rules of Logic;" "The Hunting of the Snark: An Agony in 8 Fits;" and "Phantasmagoria and Other Poems." These two latter volumes were reprinted, with a few additions, in the book entitled:—"Rhyme and Reason." Their contents are familiar to all readers of Lewis Carroll, and are probably more amusing to the adult than to the

child. Who does not know the immortal poem of "The Snark"? Their illustrations, by Frost and Holiday, are among the cleverest examples of comic illustration that have ever been published. They reveal the author's genius for the fantastic and whimsical as strikingly as the "Alices" themselves.

Of his serious poems, printed in the volume entitled "Three Sunsets and Other Poems," space does not permit us to say much. An exquisitely delicate fancy, tinged with a tender under-note of pathos, characterizes them. This volume contains many very finished and very beautiful pieces. Especially typical is the opening poem which gives its title to the volume. It is a tender little romance, delicately and pathetically told, the meeting and parting of lovers; the return of the one from foreign lands, only to find the old haunts deserted and his loved one gone; the return at length of the lady, but unrecognized by her brooding and self-absorbed lover.

And so it chanced once more that she,
Came by the old, familiar spot;
The face he would have died to see,
Bent o'er him, and he knew it not;
Too wrapt in selfish grief to hear
Even when happiness was near.⁵

The "Path of Roses" derives a special interest as bearing upon his opinion of the "Woman's Rights" question—in which question he may be said to have taken a Conservative side. Here is the answer to the embittered cry of "What can Woman Do?:—"

Peace! For thy lot is other than a
man's;
His is a path of thorns; he beats them
down;
He faces death; he wrestles with de-
spair.
Thine is of roses, to adorn and cheer
His lonely life, and hide the thorns in
flowers.⁶

⁵ "Three Sunsets and Other Poems" (Macmillan)
p. 8.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 10.

and again:—

So, in the darkest path of man's despair,
Where war and terrors shake the troubled earth,
Lies woman's mission; with unblenching brow
To pass through scenes of horror, and of fright
Where men grow sick and tremble; unto her
All things are sanctified for all her good.
Nothing so mean but shall deserve her care;
Nothing so great but she may bear her part.

A strong moral tone pervades his serious verse; the irrevocableness of the past, with its sins and failures, is the dominating note. The music of the verse is throughout beautiful, as witness the two following verses from "The Valley of the Shadow of Death:"—

Like twin cascades on mountain-stair
Together wandered down
The ripples of the golden hair,
The ripples of the brown;
While, through the tangled silken haze,
Blue eyes looked forth in eager gaze,
More star-like than the gems that blaze
About a monarch's crown.

I could not see for blinding tears
The glories of the west;
A heavenly music filled mine ears,
A heavenly peace my breast.
"Come unto Me, come unto Me—
All ye that labor, unto Me—
Ye heavy-laden, come to Me—
And I will give you rest."¹

The New Century Review.

And now, what was Lewis Carroll's mission? Was there a method in his madness? There is an undefinable charm in all his writings; is there not there also a great and simple wisdom, not without its lesson for the present generation; and may it not be owing to this that they are so popular among adults? Possibly if their author had been asked what is the spirit in which we could view many of the troubles of life, he would have answered:—"That of a Child," and to those superior persons to whom the child's mind and the child's doings seem trivial and of small moment, he might have quoted his own lines:—

Rude scoffer of the outer seething strife
Unmeet to read her pure and simple spright,
Deem if thou wilt such hours a waste of life,
Empty of all delight.

Chat on, sweet maid, and rescue from annoy
Hearts that by wiser talk are unbeguiled,
Ah, happy he that owns that tenderest joy:
The heart love of a child!²

Perhaps, after all, the fittest epitaph we could inscribe on his tomb are the simple and touching words, the spirit of which he would have so fervently endorsed:—

A little child shall lead them.

C. M. Atkman.

¹ "Three Sunsets," pp. 18, 19.

² Dedication to "Rhyme and Reason."

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

As old King George the Second was taking the air in Kensington Gardens one fine summer morning in the middle of the last century, a little girl of some five years, who was walking with her sisters and the Swiss nurse,

broke away from the party, skipped up to the King, dropped a curtsey, and greeted him with the remark, "*Comment vous portez-vous, M. le roi? Vous avez ici une grande et belle maison, n'est-ce pas?*" The old King, familiar, and

perhaps bored, with the pomp and etiquette of his usual relations with his subjects, was pleased beyond measure at the originality of this introduction. He took notice of the child, often had her to visit him at the palace afterwards, even romped with her, and put her in a large china jar, where, instead of showing fright, she sang "*Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*" at him from under the lid. The little lady was Lady Sarah Lennox; and as daughter of the Duke of Richmond, a great officer of the Court, she and her sisters had the privilege of being in the gardens to see the royal promenade. It was the prettiest entrance imaginable to the great world where this young lady was destined for a time to play a great part. Ten or a dozen years later, all fashionable London was agog with excitement, wrote letters, reported every movement and every rumor of Lady Sarah, for it was the question of 1761 whether she was or was not to become Queen of England.

Any one who reads much in the annals of the picturesque eighteenth century, cannot fail to be struck with the smallness of the English society which controlled matters in those days. You may take the account of their times by any of the recording angels of that period—from Hervey, who sneered at most of what he saw at the Court of George the Second; to Wraxall, who expiated some of his false entries in the King's Bench—and find that the doings of a few dozen well-born families provided them all with the bulk of their diverting gossip. It was essentially the age of a few great names. A Walpole, a Pulteney, a Pelham perhaps, two Pitts, and two Foxes were the great figures in politics during the reign of three Georges. The members and connections of a few other great families rang the changes for a century on all the pub-

lic offices and fat sinecures—from the Court to the Custom House. The army and the navy were officered from the same class, and it was only in the higher walks of the law that the outsider got a chance. Even the law came to be the happy hunting-ground of a few energetic Scotsmen like Murray and Wedderburn and Erskine, who got most of its prizes. Fashionable and official England, in fact, was a small coterie, whose members were known to each other personally, and were connected by ties of marriage, or relationship, or interest, which bound the whole body into a compact homogeneous mass. The men were to be found within the limits of two or three clubs—White's almost alone during the early part of the century, and with Almack's or Brooks', and perhaps Boodle's, during the second half. The wives and daughters of these men were the great ladies of society, who lived and died in a few great country houses and a few great town mansions, danced and flirted at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and went to Court when they were young, and to Bath when age and rheumatism overtook them. Half a dozen great portrait painters, with Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney at their head, painted the England of last century—or, at any rate, the ruling part of it.

The family of which the little lady whose youth we recall was the youngest daughter but one, was of the very pick of this restricted society. Her father, the second Duke of Richmond, a seigneur of the very highest *ton*, stood close to royalty itself. Whenever the King went to Hanover, either to make love to his numerous lady friends in that kingdom, or to fight valiantly, and shake his fist in the enemy's face, as he did at Dettingen, the Crown was put in commission, of which the duke was a member. His

duchess was a Cadogan, and his own high rank and the promise and abilities of his son, made the family of Lennox one of the very highest consideration in the kingdom.

There was another family, which by its energy and ability had established itself firmly in the small world of which we write. From the time that old Sir Stephen Fox, a strange compound of integrity and suppleness, founded the family fortunes at the Court of Charles the Second, until the genius of the race burnt out with the life of Charles James Fox in 1806, one or other of the Foxes had contrived to keep himself before the very face and eyes of the country. The representative of the family at the time we are recalling was the son of the second marriage and of the old age of Sir Stephen, Henry—or, as he was known at White's and the House of Commons, Harry—Fox. A year or two before little Lady Sarah was born, the Lennox and Fox families had become allied by marriage. The Lennoxes supplied the breeding, and the Foxes the abilities, which appeared in such splendor in the person of Charles James Fox in the next generation. We know so much now, but the marriage at the time was considered a *mésalliance* of the most heartless and hopeless kind.

It was in 1744 that Harry Fox—a prominent man in the debates, it is true, and a brother of Lord Ilchester, but still a younger son—dared to run away and conclude a secret marriage with Lady Georgina Caroline, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond. It was a marriage of defiance. The duke and duchess knew of the attachment, and had provided another match for the young lady. The young lady, with much spirit, shaved off her eyebrows to make herself unpresentable to the new swain. Mr. Fox pressed his suit all the harder, got a

special license, and prevailed upon the young lady to accompany him to the house of his friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and fashionable and official London was convulsed when news of the match came out.

Fashionable and official London was mostly at the opera on the evening of May 4, 1744, when the blow fell. Amongst others, Sir Charles was there, and he wrote and told Harry all about it next day. "From the box where I was," he wrote, "I saw the news of your match run along the front boxes exactly like fire in a train of gunpowder."

It must have been pretty to see. Instead of listening to the dulcet tones of the Frasi who was warbling at the footlights to an accompaniment of ogling from the youth of White's in the stage boxes, the ladies leant round the partitions of the front row, and passed the news behind their fans: "The rage of the duke and his duchess was very high," they whispered. "They had put off the great ball fixed for the morrow, and had gone off to Goodwood." His grace had written to Mr. Pelham, the Secretary of State, that Miss Pelham and Lady Lucy Clinton must not visit the offending couple.

The house at once resolved itself into two factions, and dear, pleasant young Mr. Horace Walpole, who was thoroughly at home in such a matter, hearing of the ducal ban on all visitors to the daughter, went straightway to Williams' box, and begged to know the earliest moment that he might be allowed to pay his respects to that lady.

Never was such a hubbub in town. They discussed the match at tea-tables and in drawing-rooms, and the story of the loves of Henry and Caroline was the one subject of conversation and dispute. All London wrote to the duke and duchess with con-

dolences "at ye unhappy affair" and with assurance of its own innocence of all participation in the plot, and mostly with indifferent success. Mr. Pelham wrote; Lord Ilchester, Harry's own brother, wrote; Lord Lincoln wrote an almost tearful letter. The Duke of Marlborough, who gave the bride away, was much blamed; and Williams, who provided the house and the parson, was held up to execration. The Dukes of Grafton and Devonshire had a warm dispute at White's about it, "the former a-tearing the whole to pieces, the latter defending it." The pother even spread to the palace, where "Blood Royal had the greatest weight" against Harry Fox and his bride.

Some of the cooler heads refused to take the matter so seriously. There was bluff old Sir Robert Walpole, now Lord Orford, who "couldn't understand that the nation was undone because Lady Caroline Lennox was married to Mr. Fox." Lord Carteret, too—the clever, cynical Carteret, about whom one imagines so much, and knows so little—"diverted himself with it." No wonder! He was walking through the ante-room at Kensington Palace, and saw the Duke of Newcastle and the Duke of Dorset in conference with prodigiously long faces. They called him to them, said they were talking about a most unfortunate affair, and that they should make no secret to him that they were greatly affected by it. "Upon this," says Carteret, "I thought our fleet or our armies were lost, or Mons betrayed into the hands of the French, and at last it came out that Harry Fox was married, which I knew before." Here, in the King's palace, were his Secretary of State and his President of the Council shaking their heads over this wonderful marriage, instead of attending to the business of the nation. It is not surprising to

hear that the King was "violently angry."

We recall so much of Mr. Fox's family history because, as we shall see, he and Lady Caroline stood almost in the relation of parents to the young lady who is the subject of this paper, when her own were removed by death a few years later. Mr. Fox, too, made great use of his experience in what was held at the time to be a most irregular and romantic affair when a much more irregular and romantic alliance was the burning question of 1761. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to read that he and his wife were forgiven by the offended duke and duchess. The occasion was the birth of Henry Fox's firstborn, Stephen; and the pardon was conveyed in as quaint and touching a letter as was ever written. "Wee long to see your dear, innocent Child," wrote the duke and duchess, "and that has not a little contributed to our present tenderness for you." So the offending pair were received back into favor, and the alliance of the Foxes and the Lennoxes was at last acknowledged and confirmed.

It must have been very shortly after we saw little Lady Sarah present herself to George the Second in the garden that she was left an orphan by the death of her mother, the duchess. There was a family council in 1751, no doubt, where it was decided that she and her little sister Cecilia should live out their childhood with their married sister, Lady Kildare, in Ireland. So they and their nurses and their dolls were packed off by the coach, and made the long journey by the old road to Chester and Holyhead, perhaps returning with my lady to Carton after the season of 1751. For eight years, at Carton, Lady Sarah breathed the soft air of the Kildare plains, and perhaps acquired the wondrous beauty of complexion which

was one of her charms when she came back to London a tall girl of fourteen—the lustrous beauty of skin which you may see in the faces of the women and children on those plains to-day.

In 1758 Lady Sarah returned to London and to society, and to the care of Harry Fox and his wife at Holland House—as we say, a tall, beautiful, shy girl of fourteen. George the Second was nearing the end of his tether, but, possessed of a taste for a pretty face to the last, heard of the new young beauty, and expressed a wish to see her. He remembered the little girl of the gardens and the china jar, no doubt. So the tall, shy girl is carried to the palace, and approaches the Presence—the Presence surrounded by its Court and accompanied by its grandson, the Prince of Wales, a young man of ruddy countenance and straightforward manners, with a receding forehead, but a monstrously firm jaw, both features indexes of some of the events which were destined to stand out in his long reign of sixty years. But poor Lady Sarah has lost all her early confidence in the presence of royalty; she stammers and blushes when his majesty condescends to joke and poke fun at her; his majesty is disappointed, and says, "Pooh! she's grown quite stupid," and goes back to his whist with Walmoden, who pulls the chair from under him, and amuses him generally in a way he can understand. But the young Prince of Wales, like the rest of the town, is struck with the beauty of the blushing girl; and, free for a moment from the tutelage of his mother, the Dowager Princess, and his groom of the stole, my Lord Bute, falls headlong in love with Lady Sarah.

The time was ripe for the appearance of another beauty. The incomparable Gunnings were just married, and the eldest, poor Maria, was dying

of consumption at Creome. The young girl from Kildare succeeded these paragons, and stepped into their place by common consent of the town. Mr. Reynolds painted her twice: first at the window of Holland House with a dove, with her cousin, Lady Sue Strangways, and her nephew, Mr. Charles James Fox, coming round the corner below. Later, he painted her in the classic manner, sacrificing to the Graces. Both pictures are attractive enough, but for once we feel that Mr. Reynolds allowed the true beauty of his subject to escape him.

Of that beauty there can be no doubt. "Her beauty is not easily described," says Harry Fox, "otherwise than by saying she had the finest Complexion most beautiful Hair and prettiest Person that ever was seen, with a sprightly and fine Air, a pretty Mouth and remarkably fine Teeth and excess of Bloom in her Cheeks, little Eyes, but this is not describing Her, for Her great Beauty was a peculiarity of Countenance, and made Her at the same time different from and prettier than any other Girl I ever saw." Fox may be thought partial to his sister-in-law, but Horace Walpole certainly was not. Yet Horace was thrown off his guard by the beauty of Lady Sarah. They played "Jane Shore" at Holland House, Lady Sarah in the title part, and Mr. Charles Fox and Lady Sue Strangways, and Charles' little brother Harry dressed up as a bishop. "Lady Sarah was in white," wrote Horace, "with her hair about her ears and on the ground, and no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive."

The town was in raptures, in fact, and all the young men were making sheep's eyes at the beauty of sixteen. There was my Lord Carlisle; my Lord Errol, whom she refused; my Lord

Newbottle, with whom she flirted desperately; Mr. Thomas Bunbury, whom she afterwards married; and no doubt a score of others whose names are not recorded. Last of all, there was the Prince of Wales, now become George the Third of England, who was a willing victim. He saw Lady Sarah often. There was no flirtation here; the King was in deadly earnest. There was no stupid Royal Marriage Act in force; this the King, perhaps in the light of his own experience, thoughtfully provided for his relations when they began to marry into Harry Walpole's family. But at present, as we say, the King knew his own mind; and there is no doubt that, if Lady Sarah had known hers, she might have ascended the throne in 1761 as Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

Horace Walpole accused Henry Fox of intriguing to bring the match about, and the remark is a proof of Horace's sagacity. Harry Fox was not loth to see his sister-in-law Queen of England, we may be sure. Mr. Fox was the obedient, humble servant of the Court at any time, and when, two years later, the Court wanted some instrument to bring about the peace with France, they employed Mr. Fox, who did the business by means of a bribery which made that age, not at all nice in such matters, stare and gasp with wonder, or at least that portion of it which got none of the money.

Lady Sarah was often at the Court, and the King's flame burnt brighter every day. There were soft passages in the windows of the palace, and the King at least grew suspiciously amorous. But George, one imagines, was a clumsy lover—of the blundering, downright type. He talked so quickly that his words overran each other, spluttered a good deal, and poked his face very close to the person he was addressing. He may have frightened

the young girl; there was certainly little response on her part.

Harry Fox was so interested in the progress of the affair that he left a detailed account among his papers of what we may consider its central incident. "On Thursday," says he, "Lady Susan [Strangways] was at Court with Ly Albemarle, Lady Sarah on the other side of the room with Lady Car. Fox." The young King went up to Lady Sue and asked her when she would return to town from Somersetshire, where he heard she was going. 'Not before Winter, Sir,' said Lady Sue.

"Would you like to see a Coronation?"

"Yes, Sir, I hope I should come to see that."

"Won't it be a much finer sight when there is a Queen?"

"To be sure, Sir."

"I've had a great many applications from abroad, but I don't like them," added his majesty; "I have had none at home, I should like that better."

"Lady Sue was frightened, and said nothing," records Mr. Fox.

"What do you think of your friend, you know who I mean. Don't you think her fittest?"

"Think, Sir?" said the frightened girl.

"I think none so fitt," says the King.

He then went across the room to Lady Sarah, bade her ask her friend what he had been saying, and make her tell all. She assured him that she would.

"H. M. is not given to joke," comments Mr. Fox, "and this would be a very bad joke, too. Is it serious? Strange if it is, and a strange way of going about it."

"The next Sunday sennight," continues Mr. Fox, "Lady Sarah go's to Court, out of humor and had been

crying all the morning." The fact is, the poor girl was bewildered. The fascinating Newbottle, with whom she was flirting desperately, was too much in her mind to allow her to think of the greater matter which was in suspense.

"The moment the king saw her," says Mr. Fox, "he go's to her.

"Have you seen your friend lately?" said he.

"Yes, Sir."

"Has she told you what I said to her?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What do you think of it? tell me, for my happiness depends upon it."

"Nothing, Sir."

"Upon which his majesty turned upon his heel and exclaimed pettishly, 'Nothing comes of nothing,' and left the room."

Shortly afterwards, Lady Sarah went into Somersetshire, rode out, fell with her horse, and fractured her leg. The faithless Newbottle made some unfeeling remark when told of the accident, the faithful King was all solicitude for the suffering young beauty. He asked Conolly a hundred questions about her, and Mr. Fox was ready to reply to a hundred more. There had been a rumor that the King was about to marry a princess of Brunswick, and on a Sunday Mr. Fox satisfied himself that the rumor was without foundation. "On Monday therefore I went to Court," he wrote in a memorandum addressed "to all whom it may concern." He determined, he said, that the King should speak to him about "Lady Sal," if he could bring it about. After "a few loose questions" the King supposed Fox by that time settled at Holland House. "Now I have you," said Mr. Fox to himself, and replied to the King, "I never go there, Sir; there is nobody there."

"Where, then, is Lady Caroline?"

"In Somersetshire, Sir, with Lady Sarah."

At the mention of the name the King's manner and countenance softened, we are told, and he colored a little. Fox went on to describe the accident—the fall on the stony road, the horse struggling for a moment to get up, his shoulder grinding Lady Sarah's leg against the stones, the terrible pain in the coach before she got to Mr. Hoare's, the surgeon. "The king drew up his breath, wreathed himself, and made the countenance of one feeling pain;" and Mr. Fox says to himself, "Thinks I you shall hear of that again." So he went on to say that she was "cheerfull now and patient and good humoured to a degree," and so on, but worked back again to the accident with richer details than ever, and the King again sucked in his breath and changed countenance when Henry mentioned the great pain.

"Don't tell Lady Sarah," he wrote to his wife, "that I am sure that he intends to marry her, for I am not sure of it, but I am sure that he loves her better than N[ewbottle] does." Wisdom was surely justified of her child when this paper appeared in Princess Lichtenstein's book to vindicate Mr. Walpole's remark that Harry Fox was intriguing to make his sister-in-law Queen of England. One is inclined, therefore, to believe Horace when he declares that, when Lady Sarah had recovered and come back to London, she watched for the King as he rode in from Kew—made hay at him, in fact, in the grounds of Holland House "in a fancied habit." It may be; who shall blame her? The account of the King's solicitude lost none of its beauty in Fox's telling, we may be sure; and *l'affaire* Newbottle may have been ended by his unfeeling jest. The young girl at last, perhaps, knew her mind; but it was

too late. There was more in the rumor of the Princess from Mecklenburg than Harry Fox thought. Others were interested in the King's evident *penchant* for Lady Sarah—Lord Bute, and the Princess Dowager, and the Privy Council. The conscientious young King submitted his own personal feelings to the advice of his Ministers. Colonel Grahame, who had been sent all over Europe to inspect the likely royal spinsters, reported favorably on Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the royal romance was at an end.

It was all over; there was no doubt about it at all. The King summoned the Council to announce the marriage, and Lord Harcourt went over for the Princess, and the little, self-possessed lady came across the Channel to Harwich, and was not sea-sick for above half an hour, but sang and played on the harpsichord nearly all the way. And when she got to England she was not dismayed by the greatness of the occasion or the splendor of the preparations; but she wondered a little at the number of ladies sent to meet her, and exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu, il y en a tant!*" She turned pale and her lip trembled a little as they approached the palace. But when the Duchess of Hamilton, the younger of the incomparable Gunnings, smiled, she recovered herself and said, "My dear duchess, you may laugh—you who have been married twice, but it is no joke to me." One wonders how she knew so soon the history of Elizabeth Gunning, the "mother of dukes," and how much was told her of the kindness of the King for Lady Sarah.

Poor Lady Sarah! When all this became clear, she wrote the most human of letters to her friend and confidante, Lady Sue, that ever came from a disappointed lover. "To begin to astonish you as much as I was, I must tell you the [King] is going to be married

to a Princess of Mecklenbourg and that I am sure of it. Does not your Chollar rise at hearing this. . . . I shall take care to shew that I am not mortified to anybody, but if it is true that one can vex anybody with a reserved cold . . . manner, he shall have it I promise him. . . . Luckily for me, I did not love him, only liked. . . . I did not cry I assure you . . . The thing I am most angry at is looking so like a fool, having gone so often for nothing." And so on, and so forth; and Lady Sue is not to mention it to any one except her father and mother, Lord and Lady Ilchester, for it will be said that they invent "stories," and it might do the family a lot of harm and her no good.

Poor Lady Sarah!—and her troubles were not over yet, either. The King selected her as one of the bridesmaids, "all beautiful figures," says Mr. Walpole, "but with neither features nor air, Lady Sarah was by far the chief angel." The marriage did not take place till ten at night. There was the Princess in a stomacher of surpassing richness, "her tiara of diamonds very pretty," and her violet mantle and ermine of prodigious heaviness. There were the pretty bridesmaids, with Lady Sarah at their head, all in a row; and the King had more eyes for Lady Sarah than for his bride all through the ceremony. When it was over, up comes my Lord Westmoreland, the old Jacobite, who has hardly any eyes at all, mistakes Lady Sarah for the Queen, drops on one knee, and takes her hand to kiss it; Lady Sarah has to draw back with a blush, and cry "I am not the Queen, sir," and George Selwyn utters that bitter jest: "You know, he always loved Pretenders." Did ever romance end in such embarrassment for a poor young girl of sixteen?

Now it was all over, Mr. Fox again took up his pen to assure "all whom it might concern" that there was not much in it, after all. When the Prin-

kess" was really decided upon, "Lady Sal" met the King, it seems, and "answered short with dignity, and a cross look," exactly as she had promised in her letter to Lady Sue. "To many a girl," continues Mr. Fox sententiously, "H. M.'s behavior had been very vexatious, but the sickness of her Squirrel immediately took up all her attention, and when in spite of her nursing it dy'd, I believe it gave her more concern than H. M. ever did. That grief however soon gave way to the care of a little Hedge Hog that she sav'd from destruction in the field, and is now her favorite." O sly Mr. Fox, and happy Lady Sarah thus to be able to bury her griefs!

It was in the year following the King's marriage that Lady Sarah threw in her lot with one of her admirers, and became the wife of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, a young man of fashion of great personal attractions, a light of the Macaronies of Almack's and White's, and noted among sportsmen as the owner of Diomed, the winner of the first Derby. But the marriage was not a success. As was not seldom the case in the society of her day, a girlhood closed too abruptly by an early and ill-advised marriage was followed by a period of unhappiness and unrest. There was much scandal recorded in the memoirs of the time, in connection with Lady Sarah Bunbury's name, which we need not repeat here. Much of it is utterly unconvincing. But her short unhappy married life with Sir Charles came to an end with proceedings at Doctors' Commons and the House of Lords in 1776.

Lady Sarah really began her life only when, five years later, she became the second wife of the Honorable George Napier, the sixth son of the fourth lord. We have taken her early romance as the subject of this paper, and this second married life does not

concern us here, and yet it is the part of her career one would like best to dwell upon. It is pleasant to speculate upon the domestic happiness and maternal care which went to the rearing of such sons as the heroic Napiers—sons distinguished amongst a crowd of distinguished contemporaries, in everything which makes the fame of soldiers and gentlemen. Fate was kinder to Lady Sarah in her age than in her youth. She lived to hear, from the great general of the Peninsular war himself, of the glory her sons were earning under his eye; and long before her death, in 1826, she must have been assured of the brilliant fulfilment of the promise of their youth, which is now a precious page of the history of their country. In the stirring times of the opening year of this century, the romance and the unhappiness of Lady Sarah's youth were forgotten by most of her contemporaries. The years as they rolled on had brought cares and anxieties for George the Third in a measure greater than for most of his subjects. In his blundering, obstinate, but honest way, the King bore a personal part in all the great events of his reign, as long as his reason remained with him. But he remembered his first love through them all. Years after his marriage with the Queen he turned to her in the royal box at the play when Mrs. Pope, who was reckoned like Lady Sarah, came on, and was heard to remark, "She is very like Lady Sarah still." Years after this again, when George the Third was really dead to every sense that makes up human life, deaf, blind, bereft of reason, wandering through his palace and dreaming his old life over again, holding courts, reviewing troops, opening Parliaments, some who could remember the royal romance were reminded that it still lingered in the memory of its heroine. Dean Andrews of Canterbury preached a charity ser-

mon at St. James' Church, in Piccadilly, for the benefit of an institution for the blind—founded, as he told his hearers, by his majesty at the time his own sight began to fail. The Dean was eloquent, and George Tierney, the Whig leader, who was present, records that his eloquence was heightened by the remembrance of the pitiful condition of the King. Tierney noticed an elderly lady in the seat immediately in front of him, who wept much at the Dean's mention of the distresses of his majesty. When the sermon was ended, servants came for this lady and led her out of the church, when it appeared that Lady Sarah Napier was herself totally blind.

It might be interesting, but would certainly be unprofitable, to speculate upon what might have happened in English history had Lady Sarah Len-

nox become Queen of England. We all know the tremendous part played in the national fortunes by the personality of George the Third—a personality moulded, as time went on, by the troubles which beset him in his own family. Those troubles, as many believe, had much of their origin in the negative virtues of Queen Charlotte, whose absolute devotion to the King left little place in her heart for his sons. We know, too, that Lady Sarah's sons were distinguished above their fellows in manliness and ability and bravery. But who shall say what might have been her influence on the King and the royal princes who might have been born to her, had her warm and loving nature shone upon the Court, instead of the prim and cold personality of the Princess from Mecklenburg-Strelitz?

James Moubray.

Cornhill Magazine.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"It is as great spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done."—Ben Jonson's "Discoveries."

Daphne, when, ah! many a time
With my Muse I fondly cope,
Welding into painful rhyme
Metaphor and flowery trope,
Though the critic scowl and slate me,
You at least appreciate me.

Slight when some my numbers dub
(Others vote them harsh and crabbed),
I can bear with sneer and snub,
Feeble praise and censure rabid,
Honey from the bramble gleaming,
You find everywhere a meaning.

Yes, though when your artless skill
Fathoms thus my verse I wonder,
Read it, Daphne, as you will,
Fain I'll leave you to your blunder,
Since the truth you might resent—
"Twas for Chloe it was meant.

Punch.

ALL MY STORY.

It happened many years ago. But it is all my story. I know that many years must have elapsed, because I was a young man at the time. And now I'm middle-aged. When one's life is just the same, day after day, year after year, one loses count of time. Still, my blood flowed faster in those days: I don't think I should do it now. And I'm bald. And—and Sarah's hair's got a deal of gray in it.

When I came to this town from the country, my lot was an uninteresting one: it has always been that. I was an orphan: I had been brought up in a small asylum. As a youth I had been set to do the writing connected with the place; for from childhood I have written a beautiful hand, equal, tidy, like copper-plate. And I can do sums. I have never been good at anything else.

I was twenty-two when the old lady died whose beneficence had supported our institution. She was the only protectress or sort of parent I had ever had—too far above me to be anything like a real mother, but animated by the best intentions. "My dears," she would say, very grand in her silks and furs, "always remember that I love you as if you were my own children, and not common children at all." When she died they closed the institution, and I was turned adrift. No, it is hardly fair to say that. Her nephew, who inherited all her property, got me my present situation in this town—dear me, that was thirty-four years ago—as clerk to old Abrams, the money-lender. Old Abrams is dead: I am with his son.

So I came up to the town, a young fellow of twenty-two, that had never been away from a country orphanage. Needless to say, I was terribly forlorn and miserable. Ah, how lonely I was!

What fools young people are to care about being lonely! And old people, too! If you come to reason it out—but no, it's no use reasoning. I have not got accustomed to being lonely yet.

Still, I shall never forget that first evening in my new town lodging. 'Tis the same lodging still: it is airy, and from the window you can see the tops of trees. They belong to the cemetery. But Widow Both, my landlady—she has been dead these last ten years—was taciturn and, when she spoke, cantankerous. Nobody can deny that: her daughter has a touch of her temper, but then the daughter suffers from asthma, and is deformed. They were not the sort of people, certainly, to cheer a lonesome lad, nor did they make any attempt to do so. I do not think that I shed actual tears that first night. I hope not. But, undoubtedly, I was very miserable, more miserable, on the whole, than I have ever been since.

I got up from a restless bed next morning and, with a beating heart, I went to my new situation. Dear me, I waited in the little ante-room for a few minutes till my master came in. How many people have I seen wait there since, whose hearts must have beat worse than mine! I must say hard things of Isaac Abrams, though he be dead, and, in fact, why should I spare him? He was a usurious landlord and money-lender, a scoundrel that lived by exploiting human wickedness and folly and innocence. "There's no fool like a good fool," that was a favorite axiom of his. On the very first day I saw what a blackguard he was, and I loathed the whole business. Yet there was nothing really criminal in it, nothing even absolutely wrong, if you come to analyze each separate

transaction. If fools want money why should wiser men not lend it them? I was a fool to object to a reasonable and lucrative form of business. Lucrative to others. I earned forty pounds a year: I now earn seventy-five. Soon I even got to enjoy, the while I loathed, the work. The old man's cunning and cleverness were a constant delight to me. The son has neither: but now I help the son.

That first day, however, I felt doubly melancholy: I was heartily glad when the hour of deliverance struck, and I could leave the dingy desk, the dingy office, the dingy papers, and get out into the open air. Not the "fresh" air, as we country people understand it. Though I don't miss that now, I have taken an occasional holiday in the country: I am not sorry, on the whole, to get back to my work.

I had purposely got a room at some slight distance from the office. The walk of about half a mile used always to take me ten minutes. Of late it has got to be eleven, I could not say why. For a man isn't old—surely—at fifty-six!

The walk isn't much to boast of—through the mean back streets of a second-rate town. You can easily picture it to yourself: the tall houses on either side—they get lower later on, but many of them are tenements—with flower-pots and dirty rags in the windows, the narrow roadway between, with costers' carts, and organs, and dancing children, the dull strip of sky above, a watery gray or a sultry blue. That first afternoon—I went back at five—the streets seemed more sordidly ugly than I ever have thought them since. Perhaps because the July day was so hot and glorious. Perhaps because no one knew me of all this jostling crowd. In our village, the night before last, with all the sweet smells and shadows upon the shining earth, it had been "Good-evening, Mr. Span-

net!" from mouth to mouth, from door to door. God! in this cheerless life of mine—oh, but that is wrong: I have had my share of blessings—there never has been a gloomer night than that brilliant July Thursday along the very streets I have walked this afternoon.

I walked, then, that bright evening on my own sad thoughts intent. I fear that I hung my head. But I had to lift it at the corners to make sure of my unaccustomed road. And it was at the corner of—no, I dare not mention the name of the street even now—it was there the great thing happened which began the whole wonderful story—pooh, how absurd it sounds—the old man looked up from his cobbling, and gazed at me for one instant and nodded; that was all.

He was sitting in front of his poor little house, on a straw-bottomed chair: he was cobbling. A little way off some children were playing battledore and shuttle-cock. He was an old man with a worn, kind-tempered face. He nodded "Good-evening;" that was all.

I nodded back and passed on. But I fancy my step was a great deal lighter: I know that my heart was. I had found, somehow, a friend. The world, after all, is not so lonely a place as it seems.

I thought of the old cobbler frequently in the evening: I slept better that night. The office and its master of course engrossed my interest, but every now and then would come the vague recollection of something pleasant, and when I reflected what it might be, it was the cobbler.

Next morning I looked forward with some anxiety to meeting him again. Would he be at the street-corner? I wondered. As I approached the spot, I could hardly restrain my curiosity. I hurried on till I could get a sight of it—he was sitting there; in another moment I was beside him, expectant—doubtless last night's coincidence

would not again repeat itself, he had taken me, doubtless, for some other—I laughed at myself for my foolishness, he looked up and nodded me a solemn “Good-morning.” I nodded back and passed on. Not till then did I realize how much I should have missed my new friend’s recognition! How ridiculous it seems, how important! in my ridiculously unimportant life. I am sure I worked more cheerfully that second day, although Abrams now showed himself in his full temper, an abusive, evil-thinking old man.

And the cobbler’s morning and evening salute—oh, laugh if you like!—became the constant pleasure of my life. Yes, of course I had other pleasures, not many. I suppose I am a dull man, and might have done other things or done things different. I suppose I might have looked out for another situation than the one which had been found for me. Such an idea never entered into my head: I should have thought it black ingratitude to my honored benefactor. Some men take life as they’re told to. On the whole I did very well, earning my bread and butter, eating it quietly in my room. I had a nervous horror of dismissal, want of employment, poverty, pauperism. The cobbler and I, we always nodded to each other solemnly, without exchanging a word. All summer he would sit outside; he went indoors on the 1st of October and took his place behind a cracked window-pane. I have never known it otherwise than cracked.

So my life went on for seventeen years, a long time, if you come to think of it, but not unless you do. A long time in which nothing happens, though it may pass very slowly, is very quickly past. My daily work was monotonously regular, but then so was my weekly pay. Both slowly increased as the business flourished. I cannot say I was satisfied with my lot,

nor yet was I dissatisfied. The best thing, I always fancy, is to take life exactly as it comes, not weighing pros or cons. I was interested during those young days in Abrams’ daughter Sarah, but that is neither here nor there. To-day she has seven children, a frowsy gray fringe, and an awful waist.

The cobbler slipped on through life, unperceived, from about sixty years of age to very near eighty. Morning and evening, we never missed our salute. Sometimes he would smile, but very rarely. I used to wait for his smile: it did not come more than once a month. I had got to call him “Amos” in my own mind, for no reason but that I thought the name would suit him, and I invented endless stories about his possible career as I walked along the streets. In reality I knew nothing. There were plenty of people about the house he lived in: I could not trace any connection between him and them. During those earlier years he was not as prominent in my life as I have made him afterwards. I had my own interests at the office and at home. I had made a few friends. He was just—in the daily walk to my business—the old man at the corner who nodded “good-day.”

Yet, when he was absent from his place one summer morning, my heart stood still. Somehow I had never realized the possibility of this: of course he must be ill. Before I knew what I was doing, I had turned into the house, had pushed open the door which leads to the room where the cracked window is, and stood looking in.

The old man sat by the table, his face resting on his hands—a paper lay before him.

“What is the matter?” I said aloud. “Can I help you?” It seemed incredible that, after these seventeen years, I should actually be speaking to “Amos.”

He looked up with a start. "Ah, good-morning!" he said, "Is it you? Thank you, no." There was such misery in his face and voice that I could not pass on.

"What is it?" I said. "Tell me. We are almost old friends."

He smiled in spite of himself. "You cannot help me," he answered bitterly. "Nobody can: it's too late. What do such fools as we with such sharks as money-lenders?"

I pricked up my ears. "I—I know a good deal about money-lending," I said, "I—I have friends in the business. Is that paper a bond? If any one can do anything for you, I can."

"'Tis a bad business; you should have no friends in it," he said; but he held out the paper, and the first thing I saw was that it was in my own handwriting.

It was a bond from a certain James Ranklin, one of Abrams' rascally transactions. Rascally? Well, really, it all depends. The man, a greengrocer, had got a loan of two hundred and fifty pounds, on condition that if he did not return the money, with ten per cent. interest, on or before the 22d of July, his whole business should become the property of the money-lender. I put down the paper. The 22d was that very day.

"'Tis my daughter's husband," said the cobbler. "The silly things only ventured to tell me this morning. They'd been putting it off from day to day. There's the seven of them, father, mother, and five children, turned out on the streets to-night."

I hesitated, not knowing what to suggest.

"And the thing not even inevitable!" he continued. "I could have got them the two hundred and fifty pounds,—I could just about have got them that—but not in half a day!"

"You could?" I stammered.

"Ay, I could. I've got about that in

the world, but I'd need twenty-four hours to get at it."

"The deed leaves you till six to-night."

"'Tis no use. The cowardly simpletons. And the business worth eight hundred pounds if 'tis worth a penny!"

"Your name isn't Amos?" I said abruptly.

He glanced up, annoyed. "My name's Thomas Ruff," he answered.

"What of that?"

"I'm glad to know," I responded.

"Mr. Ruff—'tis your daughter, you say?"

"Ay, my only daughter, as good a girl as ever stepped. And James is good enough, though a trifle timid. And the children—dear sweet children"—he broke off with something like a smothered oath. "That such blackguards should be allowed to exist," he said. "Would that I had the killing of the man who drew up that deed!" He pointed to my paper on the table.

"Mr. Ruff, did I understand you to say you could have that money to-night?"

"To-morrow morning, at the earliest."

"But to-morrow, you are sure, you could have the whole amount?"

"Certain sure."

"Thomas Ruff, will you let me look at that paper again?" He handed it across. I took it leisurely, looked over it, and tore it in two.

"What on earth are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"You are mistaken," I calmly answered. "The date is the 23rd. You have till to-morrow night."

"What folly is this? Here, give me those scraps! Are you mad?"

"Get your money," I replied, burying the fragments in my trousers pocket. "You have time till to-morrow. It will not be called for till to-morrow at six. Then mind that your son-in-law has it. The money and ten per cent. interest.

The less any of you talk about it the better. Don't say a word, but promise the money. Good-day." I left the house, and hurrying to the office, got the same bond re-written, with the altered date, and replaced amongs the others before my master came in. Of course I tore up the original deed, as I had torn up Amos' duplicate.

Presently, while Abrams was arranging his business for the day:

"There's a loan falls due this afternoon," he said. "A good speculation, I fancy; I don't think the fellow can pay," and he rubbed his hands softly.

"Which is it?" I asked, going across to the cupboard where these things were kept.

"Name of Ranklin," replied old Isaac. "James Ranklin, greengrocer."

"I got out my new copy and looked over it. "To-morrow," I said coolly, going back to my desk.

"Hey, what?" exclaimed Isaac.

"The bill isn't due till to-morrow," I answered, writing away.

Old Isaac produced his little black pocketbook. "I've got it down the 22nd," he said.

"You've made a mistake," I answered, dipping my pen into the ink. "It's down the 23rd in the bond." He went across and had a look, pishing and pshawing a little, for he didn't like making mistakes.

"After all, it doesn't matter a bit," he said. "Only, it's awkward: you'll have to go for the money. I have to travel to-morrow to that sale."

"Yes, I remember," I said. "It does not matter, I can go."

"I don't like you to. It's not the sort of work for you. You bungle it. You're too soft-hearted. You're only good at desk-work."

"I know you think so, sir, but I'll do my best."

That evening the cobbler was missing from his doorstep, and next morn-

ing, in my nervousness, I went a roundabout way.

My employer was absent all day as I knew he would be: at six I got my hat, and went across to the street where Ranklin lived.

As soon as the man came into the shop I recognized him and he me. "Walk inside," he said. In the back parlor were Thomas, his comely daughter, and a couple of fair-haired children.

"Sit down," said Ranklin. But I preferred to stand.

"Well?" said Thomas.

"Have you got the money?" I asked.

"Yes, it's here."

"Then pay it to me."

"To you!" exclaimed both men together.

"Yes, to me. Please ask no questions. Here is the receipt."

They paid the money across the table in silence. I found the sum was correct, pocketed it, and gave them old Isaac's receipt, with my name to it.

"You will do me a kindness," I said, "by never alluding to this again. That is in your interest as much as in mine." I held out my hand. The younger man took it: old Amos did not.

"It was the 22nd," said old Amos suddenly. I did not answer, but turned to go. In the doorway, however, I paused.

"Absolute silence!" I said, as impressively as I could. "Mind, absolute silence is imperative, as much on your behalf as on my own." Then I went away, and that same night, late, on his return, I brought Isaac Abrams the money. He was terribly put out and abused me, but the sale—selling up a farmer—had been much to his advantage, and next day he apologized to me for reproaches which he himself declared to have been utterly irrational. I barely responded.

On passing the cobbler's with some considerable tremor, I found his usual

place unoccupied, nor yet did he appear at the window. This time I did not enter to seek him. He never sat out again: he never occupied his winter corner. Once only, unexpectedly, I met him in the street. He looked the other way.

Soon afterwards he went to live with his children. I suppose he is not dead. His room is occupied by a rag and bone woman, who drinks. Nobody says good-day to me along my daily road.

Well, that deed I have just narrated has been the one great event of my fifty-six years of life. In fact it seems about the only thing I have ever *done*,

Good Words.

the only actual act. All the rest has just been letting happen. Most people, I suppose, would call the deed a crime. The law would, of course, and the judges, and the lawyers. When a man has been in the midst of such work as mine for more than thirty years, he laughs to think what lawyers and judges call a crime, and what they don't. But some people, the good people, would say it was a sin. I suppose it was. Perhaps I am all wrong—I don't know, I'm not a clever man, and my life has been so tiresome—I suppose it was a sin, but though it was, I cannot help thanking God I had the courage to commit it.

Maarten Maartens.

"LITERATURE AND SCIENCE."*

When, a few days ago, I was requested to deliver before this Club an inaugural address on "Literary Method and Study," I appreciated the compliment, but realized that it was impossible for me, at so short a notice and with my time largely engaged, to do justice to the subject. On the other hand, I felt that I might, with perfect confidence, trust to your generosity and indulgence; while the temptation of speaking at Luton on a subject other than politics, was difficult to resist. It is, moreover, a great pleasure to be able in any way, however feebly, to help the aims and objects of a Literary Club which has been founded for the encouragement of study by several of your most distinguished citizens, whose names are familiar to the outside world for their literary labors and their scientific achievements in chemistry, botany,

anatomy, and medical jurisprudence. You will, therefore, I trust, excuse my want of adequate preparation, and forgive me if I do not adhere too closely to the methodical line which the title of this lecture implies, but rather make such general and preliminary observations on literature and science as seem appropriate to the young men and young women of a manufacturing town like Luton, and reserve to another occasion any detailed suggestions on literary method. For it is more particularly to the inhabitants of towns, whose occupations are often monotonous and distasteful, where life appears sordid, dull, and filled with the perpetual struggle for necessities and comfort, that an inherited or acquired love of books is the greatest refreshment and delight. Those who live altogether in the country are surrounded everywhere, from sunrise to sunset, by the beauties of nature, which, in themselves, are an education to the sympha-

* This formed the Inaugural address at the opening of the first session of the Literary Club of Luton, Bedfordshire, England.

thetic mind and heart; but the town dweller has an especial need to counteract the narrowing influence of his daily occupations by as close a contact as he can maintain with the ideal world, revealed to him in books, wherein, however monotonous his toll, he may enjoy the society and think the thoughts and breathe the inspirations of the great masters of literature, whose wisdom and experience form the best part of the world's wealth. This need of intellectual change and refreshment grows every day more urgent for town dwellers, because the tendency of modern industrial life is to the infinite division of labor, owing to the multiplication of machinery and the economic saving that results from such division. The result is that the artisan tends to become more and more of an automaton, infinitely repeating some monotonous and mechanical process, and he often is no more than the living guardian of a machine which seems, in its iron frame, to contain the soul and intellect which produces the industrial result, while the part of the man is only to oil and tend the monster, and feed the fire which gives it life. In the old days of Greece and Rome, or even three hundred years ago in England, the position of the artisan, or rather the craftsman, was very different. Whether a worker in the precious metals, in iron, in ivory, or a weaver of fabrics of the loom, his work and art were so self-contained that he could put into them his own thought and sentiment, unslaved by the commercialism which to-day destroys artistic work. Adam Smith had not then preached the economical doctrine of the division of labor; and, from start to finish, the workman could see his creation grow beautiful beneath his hand. All the processes which made perfect the completed work were his alone; and so far, his

lot was happier than that of the man who has to-day to perform a thousand times some trivial operation, from which all artistic thought or endeavor is necessarily absent. It is useless for us to complain of the age in which we live and of the conditions under which we labor. We cannot recall the days when the craftsman, if he were a man of natural intelligence, was almost necessarily an artist; but in days when knowledge and enlightenment are no longer the possession of privileged classes, but, like light and air, are blessings common to all, we can take care to guard our souls from the deadening influence of our daily work, by the constant stimulus of noble, healthy and inspiring books. This Club has been founded to encourage the youth of Luton to try and live this higher life, to breathe this purer air, as necessary to the health and growth of their souls as oxygen is to their bodies. No nobler aim could any association put before itself: to attempt to stem the torrent of materialism which threatens to drown the best part of our boasted civilization, to minister, as Shakespeare has expressed it, to a mind diseased, and

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that
perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart.

In urging you to make friends and counsellors of great and noble books, I would say that wealth and material prosperity are not the first things in the world, either for nations or individuals. Often they are a hindrance and a curse. You remember the young man in the Gospel who had a secret yearning for the higher life but who, hearing that it implied renunciation of wealth, went sadly away, for he had great possessions. What has, through so many generations, glorified the little slave-owning Republic of Athens,

far more than its artistic genius or its colonizing power? It is its literature, still unsurpassed in dramatic beauty, in philosophical wisdom, and in boldness of physical research. Two thousand years hence, what will our descendants hold to be the chief glory of the reign of the great Elizabeth, when the story of the Spanish Armada shall have grown as dim as the wars of Troy? Then, as to-day, the twin stars, Shakespeare and Bacon, will shine as the crowning glory of the Elizabethan heaven. During the reign of Queen Victoria, which will ever remain a memorable epoch in the history of humanity, the pre-eminence of literature has diminished, owing to the wonderful development of natural or physical science; and beside the names of writers like Herbert Spencer and Tennyson will shine with equal light those of Darwin, Huxley, Kelvin, and Lister. To this point I will return. But the conclusion is in no way affected, that the true greatness and distinction of a nation is not primarily due to its warriors, or even its statesmen, who hurry across the world's stage in storm and tumult, but to its writers, either in literature or in science, who have reduced the sum of human misery and added to human happiness, and whose accumulated wisdom is the best inheritance of all succeeding generations. If you desire to see an example of the deadening influence of the exclusive struggle for wealth and material prosperity on the higher life, you have only to look across the Atlantic to the United States of America, which are rich and powerful, with an enormous territory and a rapidly increasing population. But the Americans have not yet realized that these advantages do not of themselves confer national distinction, and that, if their country were to sink beneath the ocean to-morrow, it would in history fill a very

small place, compared with the tiny Republic of Athens. In America, at any rate among the men, education is so directed to commercial ends, and in its higher branches the scientific is placed so much above the literary method, that the imagination is starved, and the power of original literary production seems decaying, which is an unnatural and dangerous symptom in a young and vigorous community. The old race of writers of distinction, such as Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes and Washington Irving, have died out, and the Americans who are most prominent in cultivated European opinion in art or literature, like Sargent, Henry James, or Marion Crawford, live habitually out of America, and draw their inspiration from England, France and Italy. I was reading the other day a little book called "*Kokoro*," written by an American, full of grace and delicate fancy, but the author had lived for many years as a Professor in a University in Japan. The greatest of English critics of this generation, Matthew Arnold, in the last essay he ever wrote, discussed an opinion which I had expressed in a book on "*The Great American Republic*," that there was no country in which a cultivated human being could live with less pleasure than in America; and when I heard him deliver his first lecture in New York, I realized the truth of this remark, and how deep a gulf in sympathy lay between the critic and his audience. But I will not dwell on the shortcomings of our American cousins when we have so many of our own. We have, in a different degree, the same defects, which are, indeed, inseparable from the conditions of our modern life. I believe that the degeneration of the pure literary habit and instinct is but a passing phase of American life, and that Americans will, with the larger

national ambition which is now possessing them, take in time a worthy place in the Temple of Parnassus. That such may be the case I earnestly desire, for I am one of those who look to the cordial and sympathetic union of England and America as the most important factor of the history of the twentieth century. That this feeling is shared by the best and most distinguished Americans, I am convinced, and in evidence I would read to you one graceful sentence from a letter to me of the American Ambassador, written a few days before he left England to take up the responsible position of Secretary of State: "I sometimes feel that the only advantage we Yankees possess over you is that we have two native countries, while you have only one."

Before offering any positive suggestions as to choice of books and methods of study, it is necessary to clear the ground by considering in a little more detail the conditions under which the education of young men of the present day must be carried on. By education, I do not mean that grounding in essentials, the mere foundations of elementary knowledge which the boy or the girl acquires at school. The higher education begins where the school ends; the superstructure, which the human soul has to inhabit for life, must be built, each for himself, when he has realized what are his tastes, his tendencies, and the direction in which his life work lies. No doubt, school-training counts for much, if it be intelligent and worthy, for the best part of the education of a child is the healthy development of inherited tendencies. But the true and complete training of mind and character by the choice of books and study begins where the elementary education ends, and the intellectual life or death of the human soul is in the power of each one of us,

to choose the right way or the wrong way to its triumph or undoing.

The difficulty of choice would at first sight appear to be enhanced by the enormous development of literature and the multiplication of books, and, on the other hand, by the stress and competition of modern life which compels the student, who has little money and less leisure, to occupy himself in great part with technical and scientific training, without which he is unfitted to take his part in the fierce struggle for existence. But these conditions, if they be less superficially regarded, lessen and do not increase the difficulty of choice. Literature is a vast tropical garden, in which grow magnificent forest-trees and delicious fruits and fragrant flowers, together with rank undergrowth and poisonous berries and blossoms. In this garden, too, there stands, as in the Garden of Eden, the tree of knowledge of good and evil. But the inherited experience of mankind, and the divine instinct which teaches us to hate the evil and choose the good, has left us little doubt as to what fruits we may eat with safety, and what poison flowers we should avoid. The judgment of the world has been justly and finally passed on the works of all those great writers, poets, dramatists, novelists, historians and philosophers who have entered the Temple of Fame, and the multiplication of ephemeral literature, trivial, worthless, or demoralizing, will in no way weaken the authority of the decision.

The pressing necessity of keeping abreast with the swift development of natural and physical science, which is the dominant note of the age in which we live, while it does not make it more difficult to choose the best literature, certainly leaves less time in which to study and digest it. The inherited sum of human

knowledge is now so vast that the most industrious of us can only pick up a few fragments from the table of learning which is so lavishly spread; and this renders it the more important for us to choose wisely and not to waste our scanty leisure on literature which is idle, harmful, or, at the best, like the apples of the Dead Sea, dust and ashes in our mouth. Nor can we afford to neglect, even for the delight and mental refreshment of the highest literature, the results of science, which, day by day, is unfolding to us the secrets of the earth and heaven, and transforming by its discoveries the conditions of our social and physical life. No man in these days can be a complete individual, properly furnished for his life-work, who is not to some extent acquainted with the last results of inquiry in sociology, psychology and natural science; while it will be impossible for England to maintain her commercial supremacy and feed the crowded millions of her cities unless, by general technical training in schools and colleges, the strongest stimulus be given to applied science in our manufactures, and to original scientific research. I should like to direct your attention to an address recently given to the students at the Mason College, Birmingham, by the famous geologist, Sir Archibald Geikie, who chose for his subject "Science in Education," and another by Sir Norman Lockyer to the students of the Royal College of Science, London. But the first of these is particularly worthy of attention, as it sums up, with singular ability and impartiality, the relative claims of science and literature, and the necessity of allowing both a fair place in a modern education. It is because I realize so strongly the necessity for scientific training, and am looking so anxiously for the advent of a Chancellor of the Exchequer of

foresight and genius, who will grant £20,000,000 sterling for technical education, to be repaid a hundred-fold in commercial prosperity, that I sympathize but little with those teachers who seem too exclusively to advocate the claims of literature as a sufficient literary equipment. These men, distinguished though they may be as writers or critics, live mostly apart from the world of action, and in their devotion to their literary pursuits seem to ignore the modern necessity of giving a large part of our leisure to scientific study, equally important and engrossing. Mr. Frederic Harrison has written a delightful essay, full of wise suggestion, on the "Choice of Books," which I heartily commend to you. But it seems to me to be written, as it were, *in vacuo*, unimpressed by the atmosphere which envelops our modern life. He urges with admirable force the charms and advantages of literary study, and the style and merit of the acknowledged masters in literature; but he expects too much of the modern student, whom he would confine to authors already become classics, and treats with a scarcely veiled contempt the greater part of contemporary literature. For him, the doors of the Temple of Parnassus have been finally closed, or only open jealously and at rare intervals to admit a newcomer among the Immortals. Of course so accomplished a writer does not ignore science, but he does not give to its study the importance which, in modern times, is its due, for, after all, human life is short, knowledge is limitless, and our many inventions have not improved the quality of the human brain, or increased, if indeed they have not diminished, our powers of imagination, reflection, and memory. We cannot know or learn everything, and the keynote of our educational policy of to-day is to ex-

amine our intellectual baggage and equipment and decide what we must abandon, and what it is necessary to retain.

The innate conservatism of the English character has maintained in our larger schools and universities a mediæval scholasticism, which, with all its advantages in the formation of style and character, is still exaggerated and injurious. I would not speak slightly of Greek and Latin, in learning which some ten years of my life were passed; nor would I venture to do so in the presence of such distinguished classics as your President, and Mr. Neville Swarder; but I would insist that the system of teaching them is ridiculously inadequate, when it is considered that the superficial knowledge of the classics acquired by the average schoolboy is gained at the expense of modern languages and literature, without which the student, when he enters real working life, is hopelessly at sea. We are handicapped in every market in the world by the linguistic deficiencies of Englishmen. I can speak from experience, for I am connected with several great undertakings, banks, and railways in foreign countries, and the difficulty of finding competent, well-educated English clerks, with a thorough colloquial knowledge of French and German, is almost insuperable. It is beside the question to assert that English is the world language of the future, and that the necessity for other nations to learn English is far greater than for us to learn the languages of the Continent. This argument is unworthy of a vigorous-minded people, who must not trust to the chances of the future, but must now gird up its loins for the race, unless it is content to be left behind.

It is, perhaps, because I rather belong to the world of action than to the study that your club has done me the

honor to invite me to address you. I have, it is true, written a good many books, which I advise you to neither buy nor read, as your time may be better employed; but my sympathies are with the world of work, in which my life has been passed. This is why I have specially pressed upon you, who live in a manufacturing town, the claims of scientific culture as equal to those of literary study. But I do not deny that by limiting your study of literature you must lose a part of the chief delight of life, which it ever refreshes, strengthens, and renews; the outside conscience, as it were, responsive to that within us, moulding our conduct in accordance with the inspired teaching of the great souls who are the guides and masters for humanity for all time.

But the modern man, and especially the modern Englishman, has other claims than those of science, which divert him from literary study. Mr. Frederic Harrison would probably not deign to consider newspapers as worthy of the regard of any human being. But the Englishman is not as he was at the beginning of the century, with no appreciable share of political power, which was entirely usurped by the privileged classes. Now, political power has been entrusted to the people, and each one of us should realize that with power comes responsibility, and that to the honesty and patriotism of us all, individually and collectively, the welfare of this great Empire has been confided. With the consciousness of this glorious responsibility has come to most Englishmen an appreciation of British interests throughout the world which almost seems a new sense. We are no longer satisfied with the local interests of Luton, of Bedfordshire, or of the British Isles. Our interests are as wide as our Empire, and all parts of the world—

China, the Cape, Canada, Australia, India, Siam, and the Soudan—are as familiar in our mouths as household words. To be a complete citizen, you must consequently be instructed in home and foreign politics—that is to say, you must give up a share of your reading leisure to newspapers. But, further than this, you must avoid, as much as possible, the whirlpool of party strife, which is profitless and demoralizing to us all, and must, as responsible citizens, try to understand the principles on which all political questions finally rest. For all things in earth and heaven, from the movements of the stars to your own inherited tendencies, are governed by law; and as the deeper and far more important part of politics cannot be gained from party newspapers, you must find leisure to read works like Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology" and Lecky's "Liberty and Democracy," if you aspire to perform your political functions intelligently and worthily.

I have not time to discuss so large a question as the choice of books in the several departments of literature. But, as I have before said, the great masters have taken their place forever, and there is little difficulty in knowing what to read. The more important point is to know what to avoid. And in this your own trained sense must chiefly guide you. I firmly believe that the general tendency of human nature is towards the good, and that it is struggling perpetually to a higher level. Encourage this tendency, and earnestly endeavor to choose, for you have a choice, the good rather than the evil. Nourish your soul on elevating, noble and inspiring literature, and leave that which starves and degrades the soul to those who prefer, like the man with the muck rake in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," to occupy themselves with

the literature of the dust-bin and the gutter.

One word of friendly counsel I would give to young men, and young women also, for in the training for the higher life there is no reason to consider the difference of sex, and this is to make close and intimate friends of at least two books, one prose and the other poetry; one to strengthen and enlighten the conduct and character, the other to satisfy the craving of the soul for emotion and imagination. I well remember when I was a young man about eighteen I formed two such friendships, which have lasted my life. The prose book was "Sartor Resartus," by Carlyle. I recall the day, many years ago, when in the gallery of the Union at Cambridge I came across this memorable and epoch-making book, and sat down to read it through a winter afternoon. It seemed to me an inspiration, a revelation, a new gospel. More than any book in the world it influenced my life, and is still my constant companion, and, although Carlyle has not the same fascination for this generation as for the last, I could recommend to young people no work nobler in its aims or more filled with a righteous contempt for what is mean and unworthy. My second life friend was and is Tennyson, whose poems in those days I knew by heart, and even though he does not compare in creative and original genius with some of the great classics, yet for a uniformly high level of thought and expression, for human sympathy and for melodious beauty, he is a delightful and incomparable companion, of whom one can never weary. Those are indeed unhappy who can find no joy and companionship in books. The love of books is an ever new delight, which grows more keen with advancing age, when more active pleasures fall us. The great and inspiring

thoughts of noble men, enshrined in books, are our constant solace in sickness and misfortune; they people our solitude with the creations of fancy, they are friends who never grow cold or change. And more than this, they strengthen and arm us for the battle of life, they encourage us, by example and precept, in patriotism, self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity, and they furnish us with the courage to face a future which their philosophy has deprived of its terrors. A life so inspired is a life of duty, of sacrifice for others, and its end is well described by Tennyson:

The Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review.

To pass, when Life its light with-
draws,
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

In some good cause, not in mine own
To perish, wept for, honor'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown;

Whose eyes are dim with glorious
tears
When, soiled with noble dust, he
hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears.

Then dying of a mortal stroke
What time the foeman's line is broke
And all the war is roll'd in smoke.

Lepel Griffin.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.*

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to naught.

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A House Party.

Take up the White Man's burden—
 No iron rule of kings,
 But toll of serf and sweeper—
 The tale of common things.
 The ports ye shall not enter,
 The roads ye shall not tread,
 Go, make them with your living
 And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—
 And reap his old reward—
 The blame of those ye better,
 The hate of those ye guard—
 The cry of hosts ye humor
 (Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—
 "Why brought ye us from bondage,
 Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
 Ye dare not stoop to less—
 Nor call too loud on Freedom
 To cloak your weariness.
 By all ye will or whisper,
 By all ye leave or do,
 The silent sullen peoples
 Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!
 Have done with childish days—
 The lightly-proffered laurel,
 The easy ungrudged praise:
 Comes now, to search your manhood
 Through all the thankless years,
 Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
 The judgment of your peers.

Rudyard Kipling.

A HOUSE PARTY.*

[Vielle-Roche château — On the ground floor, in the room of the host and hostess.—Time, midnight.]

The Hostess (waving her hair on tortoise-shell pins).—"Our guests have retired early!"

The Host.—"Well! there are eight

hours of railroad between here and Paris—they are tired——"

The Hostess.—"And I also am tired! For such a large house party, there have been so many arrangements to make! However—I hope our friends will be comfortable, and that they have all they want."

The Host.—"Of course they have

* Translated for *The Living Age* by Katherine Vincent.

everything—what can they possibly need?"

The Hostess (taking off her shoes).—"Yes! to be sure! what can they! Let us see? M. d'Idyl has books, paper, pens,—and several inkstands! The Baroness Sinai has five mirrors, she can see herself from every point of view! The Rechampys have three rooms, two bedchambers separated by a little parlor—so I hope they won't quarrel! The Dowager Laubardemont has the large room opening on the balcony, and her maid is near her. Sangene is in the blue room and Baron Sinai has the red. The Rebondys and their children were troublesome—I have put the English governess and the children in the Eastern Tower, the tutor in the West Tower—Mme. de Rebondy in the room with all the closets—it is really the most convenient of any—and M. Rebondy is in the yellow room—the view is beautiful!"

The Host.—"Yes! but the bed is dreadful!"

The Hostess.—"Not at all—I have added a feather mattress; it is excellent!" (She goes to bed.)

The Host.—"I find that hard to credit! Good-night; sleep well;—" (He enters his own room and also goes to bed; a prolonged silence.)

The Host (calling).—"Marguerite!"

The Hostess (waking).—"What do you want?"

The Host.—"Nothing! nothing at all for myself—but I am afraid our guests want something?"

The Hostess.—"What?"

The Host.—"Oh, well!—that I cannot tell you, but I hear steps in the hall—and I am afraid—"

The Hostess.—"Oh, you only imagine them! I hear nothing."

(She falls asleep again.)

(He listens for a moment, then also goes to sleep.)

(The second story. In the hall the

Dowager de Laubardemont, in a wrapper, her head bristling with curl papers, calling her maid.)

The Dowager.—"Justine!—Justine!—Are you there?"

(The next door is softly opened and the maid puts out her head.)

The Maid.—"Does Madame la Marquise need me?"

The Dowager.—"Yes! I am not easy! You know that large balcony on which my room opens?"

The Maid.—"Yes, madame?"

The Dowager.—"Well"—(confidentially) "there is a man on it!"

The Maid.—"A man! Oh, heavens!" (She rushes into the room; the dowager follows her.)

M. de Rechampy (opening his door).—"This room smells dreadfully close! I have opened the window, sprinkled the walls with cologne, burned toilet vinegar—all to no purpose—If I smoked that would carry off the musty odor, but then, unfortunately, I am no smoker! If I thought that Sangene was not asleep I would ask him to come here and smoke a pipe. Ah! perhaps by making a draught?" (He goes to the long window on the staircase and opens it; then begins to pace the hall.)

Sangene (appearing at the window).—"By George! here is luck! The window was open all the time! I was horrified when old mother Laubardemont appeared. I thought of jumping, but I should have crushed the chrysanthemums, and then besides I might have killed myself." (He sees M. de Rechampy, who is still walking back and forth.) "Hallo! Rechampy, at this hour!" (M. de Rechampy turns, and Sangene conceals himself.)

M. de Rechampy.—"I have just been to my room, it smells worse than ever! Decidedly I shall ask Sangene to come and smoke a pipe there."

Sangene (seeing M. de Rechampy knocking at his door).—"What can that animal possibly want with me?"

M. de Rechampy (pounding on Sangene's door with both fists).—"He hears nothing; he sleeps like a log."

(On the ground floor.)

The Host (waking with a start).—"Ah! this is strange, it seems to me that I hear an odd thumping sound, can one of our guests be ill?" (He sits up in bed and listens.) "No! all is quiet. I must have had a night-mare." (He listens.) "Yes, that is it—I eat too much—one always eats too much!"

(The second story.—In the hall.)

M. de Rechampy (making up his mind to open Sangene's door).—"My dear friend, I beg pardon, I—Hallo! he is not here!"

Sangene (precipitating himself into the hall).—"Bother the old bore! he will think my absence strange. I must go in and meet him." (He enters his room and feigns amazement.) "Hallo!"

M. de Rechampy (astonished).—"Well, where the devil were you?"

Sangene.—"I went out on the balcony to get a breath of air."

M. de Rechampy.—"I opened your door to beseech you to go——"

Sangene.—"Where?"

M. de Rechampy.—"To my room and smoke a pipe to disinfect it. I would like to know what our hosts can have done in that room? Such an odor!"

Sangene.—"I will fill my pipe and follow you."

M. De Rechampy.—"Then you will save my life!" (He goes to his room.)

M. d'Idyl (leaving his room, a candle in his hand, approaches the clock on the stairs).—"I have no idea what time it is. Last night I forgot to wind my watch—it is very annoying if one wakes, not to know the time. Oh, three o'clock, two hours more for sleep, and then I must get up to finish my sonnet—I shall dedicate it to our hostess! I am well provided with tools for working—really too well!—I have three inkstands! The servants must have

made a mistake—they have certainly given me inkstands which were intended for other guests." (He re-enters his room.)

Little Mme. de Rebondy (leaving her room and examining the different doors).—"I cannot close my eyes! Those great closets are full of rats—I shall call my husband! only I must take care not to mistake the room! Which is the yellow room? I think this is it." (She taps gently at Sangene's door.) "Are you there, my friend?"

Sangene.—"Yes, of course!" (She opens the door and meets Sangene, who, pipe in mouth, is about to leave the room.)

Sangene (quickly removing his pipe).—"Well, this is indeed a surprise!"

Little Mme. de Rebondy (blushing).—"Oh, how stupid! I ask my husband if he is here, and you answer 'yes.'"

Sangene.—"I beg your pardon! You said: 'Is that you, my friend?' At a venture I said, 'Certainly'—but after all, am I not your friend?"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"Instead of talking like a goose, you had better go back to your room!"

Sangene.—"Not at all; on the contrary I am going to Rechampy's room to smoke a pipe."

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"A pipe! At three o'clock in the morning!"

Sangene.—"Yes—he complains that his room is musty."

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"Mine is not musty—but there are rats in it!—that is the reason I wish to call my husband!"

Sangene (delighted).—"A rat hunt! What a lark! That will be fine!"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"Have the goodness not to make such a noise—you will wake the children!"

Sangene.—"I am silent! We will hunt noiselessly!"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"You will please remain in your room until I get

back to mine! And I only hope Mother Laubardemont has not heard us talking—Good-night! I will shut you in!" (She gently closes Sangene's door and approaches another.) "This time I believe it really is the yellow room!" (She knocks.)

M. de Rebondy (in a resounding voice).—"Come in!"

(On the ground floor.)

The Host (waking with a start).—"Who called 'Come in'?" (He listens and hears nothing more.) "By George! The night-mare again! I did wrong to eat hare—it never agrees with me!"

(In the hall.)

Little Mme. de Rebondy (entering her husband's room).—"Well, I declare! You shout 'Come in' and just suppose it had not been me?"

M. de Rebondy (rubbing his eyes).—"Have you come and waked me in the middle of the night just to say that?"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"Oh, no! I came on account of the rats!—there are rats in my room—so that—"

M. de Rebondy.—"Well? What do you want me to do? Do you suppose I can catch them?"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"Ah!" (disappointed) "can't you catch them?"

M. de Rebondy.—"Confound it! I don't care to catch rats with my fingers—as if they were butterflies—besides why should a few rats prevent you from sleeping, particularly after a long railroad journey!"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"If that is your opinion—why—change rooms with me, will you?"

M. de Rebondy.—"By no means! In the morning the men who know I have this room will burst in without a word of warning!—Sangene, d'Idyl—"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"But I will fasten the door!"

M. de Rebondy.—"Impossible—there is neither bolt nor key!"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"What can we do?" (inspired) "We will put up a placard!"

M. de Rebondy.—"A placard!—but—"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"But what? you always make difficulties!"

M. de Rebondy.—"Well!" (resigned) "we will put up a placard!" (He gets up.)

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"Are you ready?"

M. de Rebondy.—"Yes." (He takes a sheet of paper and in huge letters writes)

This Room Is Occupied by Madame de Rebondy.

Little Mme. de Rebondy (laughing).—"That is splendid!"

M. de Rebondy (irritated).—"Splendid! I should like to know now how we can fasten it? You don't expect me to go down to the kitchen and make paste, do you?"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"Heavens! How cross you are! Have you not got some court-plaster in your dressing-case?"

M. de Rebondy.—"Yes; but I did not bring it for that!—however!" (He fastens the placard on the door.) "There! now will you allow me to go to bed?"

Little Mme. de Rebondy.—"Yes—thanks—Good-night!" (She goes to bed. *M. de Rebondy* plunges into the room with the closets and bangs the door.)

Baroness Sinai (leaving her room on tiptoe).—"No one is about! I shall go and call my husband! All those mirrors frighten me! And if I put out the night lamp I should be still more alarmed!" (She trips across the hall, and taps at her husband's door.)

The Tutor of the Rebondy children (abruptly leaving his room).—"They have not even given me a splittoon! I cannot smoke without one—and this is my time for smoking! At the head of the stairs I saw a large china flower pot filled with sand. I shall go and get it." (He drags the heavy pot along the hall, and takes it into his room.)

The Baroness (returning, followed by her husband).—"You must help me to take down the mirrors—they frighten me to death." (They enter the room of the Baroness.)

(On the ground floor.)

The Host (sitting up in bed).—"It is extraordinary! Now they seem to be sleighing in the hall! I am tempted to wake my wife—but then, if it is only my imagination, she will be provoked!"

(In the hall.)

M. d'Idyl (pushing open his door with one foot and holding in each hand a bronze inkstand).—"I am sure that in the morning they will be hunting for all these inkstands! at any rate I shall put out these two!—they are the most artistic." (He put them on the floor on either side of his door.) "Archimedes, particularly—is a valuable curio—Neptune is not bad, but the quality of the bronze is inferior—there!—now they can find them if they are needed." (He re-enters his room.)

Little Mme. de Rebondy (leaving her room, and with great difficulty dragging a feather bed after her).—"Oh, I was suffocating! I cannot imagine what is inside this mattress, but it is horribly soft! I kept sinking—sinking!—and it closed above me! I have taken it off! but I will not keep the thing in my room—that great white mass on the floor would frighten me!" (She pushes the feather bed into the middle of the hall and returns to her room.)

(Baroness Sinal and her husband appear at the other end of the hall, carrying between them a large mirror which they prop against the wall.)

The Baron.—"Jemima! this has skinned my hands!"

The Baroness.—"And what about mine?"

The Baron.—"Yours? but all this busi-

ness is to please you! The mirror did not bother me!"

The Baroness.—"Well, have you at least fixed it firmly? Just think if it got broken!"

The Baron (returning to his room).—"As to that, I don't care two cents if it is broken or not."

(The Baroness watches him with a displeased expression and decides to retire.)

The Dowager de Laubardemont (calling her maid).—"Justine!"

The Maid (running in haste).—"Is there another man on the balcony?"

The Dowager.—"No; thank Heaven! but do you know how to stop a clock?"

The Maid.—"No, madame—"

The Dowager.—"Nor I! I have tried holding the pendulum—but it starts again! We must put it outside—I cannot sleep five minutes without being waked by its striking."

The Maid.—"Does it strike as often as that?" (She enters the dowager's room and returns carrying an immense clock surmounted by the three Graces.)

The Dowager.—"Wait! we must find a good place for it—"

The Maid.—"Oh! but I cannot hold it another instant; the corners hurt me!" (She stands the clock on the floor.) "Goodness! but those women are heavy!"

The Dowager.—"Very well; we will leave it there."

(The Dowager and her maid go to their rooms.)

M. de Rebondy (opening the door of the room with the closets and throwing five rats into the hall).—"Nasty things! I have killed five—and missed two—I banged them with the butt of my gun!"

(On the ground floor.)

The Host (startled).—"I have just heard a succession of terrible blows—directly over my head! Do these strange noises come from up stairs—

or do they only exist in my imagination?"

* * * * *

(In the morning the host and hostess go up stairs to see if all is right. The feather bed occupies the middle of the hall; the three Graces are on the floor before the Dowager's door, while that of M. d'Idyl is guarded by Neptune

and Archimedes; the mirror which was propped against the wall has slipped and completely obstructs the passage, a heap of rats, already covered with flies, poison the air; a placard is affixed to the door of the yellow room, and the large china flower pot has disappeared. The host and hostess are dumb with amazement!)

"Gyp."

VERESTCHAGIN.

Yes, they are impressive, or at least some of them—these Russian pictures of Napoleon's greatest catastrophe. But does not the visitor to the Grafton Gallery find that Verestchagin the painter has a dangerous competitor in Verestchagin the literary artist? The catalogue is a brilliant summary of the campaign of 1812. There are about seventy vivid pages—Napoleon's miscalculations, the successive stages of his mortification and despair, horrible scenes of the retreat from Moscow, word-pictures which make a stronger appeal to the imagination than the pictures on the walls. In one or two instances the canvas is an indifferent illustrator of the text. Napoleon has taken up his quarters in a church. Here he sits, pondering the bad news from Paris, news of a conspiracy.

The field bed, with the articles of his toilet, harmonized badly with the ornaments of the old church, the gilt Slavonic decorations, the pictures of Christ, the Virgin, and Saints, which, gloomily, full of reproach, looked on at the unusual preparations made for the reception of an intruder who forced himself upon them with such scant courtesy. The picture of Christ, as well as all the other paintings, was hacked and scratched and desecrated in every possible manner by the soldiery! One of the eyes of the figure

remained untouched, and seemed to pass judgment on the scenes around him. . .

The day was closing; many of the older Generals waited for an opportunity of gaining audience of the Emperor; but, without a summons, they did not dare intrude. A number of important documents lying on the table awaited his inspection, and yet Napoleon sat immovable, buried in deep thought, holding in a convulsive grasp the report brought from Paris.

"I am no longer wanted in France!" he pondered. "Good, let them elect another, we shall see if he can manage better."

Then he reviews the train of events which have brought him face to face with overwhelming disaster. Perhaps his mind goes back to 1789, when he offered to enter the Russian service—an offer which was rejected solely because he desired the rank of major. The Russian general who demurred to this condition had bitter reason, in 1812, for repenting his error. Three and twenty years—in that time Napoleon might have made himself Tsar and conquered Europe from a Russian base! Perhaps that idea is tormenting his mind as he sits in the church with the evil letter in his hand. But all these things are painted for the mind's eye far more luminously than this stern face in the picture-frame.

Again, take the scene before Mos-

cow. After incredible slaughter, Napoleon has reached the city, where he expects to dictate peace. It is one of his delusions that the people will welcome him, and he stands on the crest of a hill waiting for the deputation of the Boyars. The deputation, when it came, consisted of a few poor aliens, headed by a French compositor. What followed is described by a Russian prisoner, who saw the blow to Napoleon's hopes.

He was thoroughly overcome and completely lost his self-control. His calm and regular step was changed into a quick, uneven tread. He kept looking around him, fidgeted, stood still, trembled all over, looked fierce, tweaked his own nose, pulled a glove off and put it on again, tore another glove out of his pocket, rolled it up into a ball, and, as if in deep thought, put it into his other pocket, again took it out, and again put it back, pulled the other glove from his hand, then quickly drew it on again, and kept repeating this process. This went on for an hour, during which the Generals standing behind him remained like statues, not even daring to move.

Look at the picture, and you see the familiar figure of the Emperor with his back turned, a few soldiers cheering him, and the outline of the city below. How little does this contribute to the mental impression made by the narrative! The painter is overwhelmed, not only by his subject, but also by his dual method of treating it. One of the most terrible moments for Napoleon is the discovery that by his own supineness he has allowed the Russians to bar his line of retreat. He is in a hut, four miles from the Russian position which Marshal Bessière declares to be "inaccessible." For the first time in his life he is utterly without resource, and appeals to the astonished marshals for advice. The painter shows him with his head between his hands, poring on a map,

while the marshals wait gloomily for the decision he cannot give. By itself the picture is next to nothing, and once more the narrator's art is supreme. It is a dangerous game for a painter to give every imagination the opportunity and the materials for painting its own picture, conjuring up a tremendous scene from the story, and creating that psychological interest which belongs to the literary medium, and not the pictorial. The vital point of this scene in the hut is the dismay of Napoleon's lieutenants at the helplessness of their master. Verestchagin, with a pen in his hand, gives this most forcibly; with the brush, he fails altogether. The faces of the marshals are barely visible. They are merely dim accessories, and the Emperor himself is a half-articulate symbol. Again the illustration is a poor comment on the text.

The greatest genius in painting (and Verestchagin is far from being that) might shrink from attempting to dramatize a stupendous personality so little flexible to the painter's art as that of Napoleon. In Verestchagin's hands he lacks variety. In the blazing Kremlin even, with the glare of the flames on his face, he is just the same as in the church. The complete failure of the series is called "Awaiting Peace," and is nothing more than a commonplace portrait, accompanied, as usual, in the catalogue by voluminous speculations as to the ideas in this impassive head. The painter has a surer touch when he depicts Napoleon in Russian winter dress, furred to the eyes, ordering some peasants to be shot, or marching on foot in front of his disconsolate staff through a landscape of snow-laden trees on a road lined with the corpses of men and horses, and abandoned gun carriages. Evidently landscape is a great help to Verestchagin. His trees are admirable, and he reaches his highest artistic effect in a picture where some peas-

ants, concealed in a wood, are watching the retreating foe. Here he is not overpowered by his drama, and his fine eye for nature has free play. But it is fair to say that Napoleon, at the head of his forlorn procession in the snow, is, for the first time, as eloquent as Napoleon in print. The unfamiliar dress is strikingly picturesque. Verestchagin has remembered that in the depth of a Russian winter the invader could not have worn his cocked-hat and gray coat. Oddly enough, in another work, representing the blowing of rebels from the guns after the Indian Mutiny, the painter has forgotten that the uniform of the British troops conducting the execution could not have been the uniform of forty years later.

It is in a snow scene that Verestchagin seizes with his brush for the only time the sheer terror of the awful retreat. Amidst the blinding flakes you see the soldiers huddled together at night in a freezing mass, "crying for their homes." Here is the deadly stroke of Napoleon's most terrible enemy. He could have beaten the Russians; the climate was too strong for him. It is not too strong for Verestchagin, who is in the natural element of the Russian painter when he hurls upon the French the storm which is more destructive than artillery. But the catalogue eclipses even the horror of that night scene in the snow. When discipline was broken in the Grand

The Speaker.

Army, Napoleon began to hear the truth.

The wheels of a heavy cart passed over both legs of a wretched member of the Army Service Corps. Rolling about the snow in his agony, he called out to Napoleon, who was passing by, "Monster! You have been devouring us for ten years! Friends, he is mad, he is a cannibal! Avoid him, he will swallow us all!" The Emperor passed on in silence, pretending that he neither saw nor heard. The wretched man, however, was not to be denied, but continued to shower upon him the most insulting epithets.

No painter's craft can compete with this. Napoleon, in glory and disaster, in his pride and his humiliation, belongs to literature; and this is most signally clear when one and the same hand essays to show him both in literature and in painting. Nothing could be better than the Russian's analysis of Napoleon's tactical blunders. The Grand Army would have triumphed but for its leader's impatience. He planned a three-years war, and, had he adhered to the plan, it would have succeeded. Impatience, begotten of a cruel bodily disease, ruined him. The story is admirably told, with a piquant touch which shows that Verestchagin suddenly remembers that Russia is the dear ally of France, and that a Bonaparte is at last in the Russian service. So the blame of the atrocities committed by the Grand Army in Russia is put upon the Bavarians!

QUAILS: AN INTERNATIONAL QUESTION.

Birds have always been bringers of omens, and sometimes political prophets. The caladrus foretold the death of kings, rooks the decline of families, storks the decay of Empires. But it

has been left to the quails of the end of the nineteenth century to demonstrate the narrow and artificial character of the European system of States. Birds are divided into the stay-at-home races

and those which are citizens of the world. The former are contented with a garden, or at most a county; the latter, even for a twelvemonth of life, are satisfied with nothing less than a continent. As long as the earth was not overfilled with men those birds which were citizens of the world could afford to overlook the narrow and contemporary limitations of human States, and continued their immemorial way of life, going and coming, and increasing after their kind. But of late years the settlement and levelling up of human life in the remoter regions of the world has made a vast difference to the old order of things. From the Arctic tundra to the Nile Valley, less at the extremities perhaps, but most emphatically in the central and old States of Europe, the well-being and continuance of most animal life depends on the will of man. This has been recognized politically, and most European States have established legal protection for game and other edible birds. This "sectional" protection is effective to preserve the stay-at-home species. But each country of Europe also receives an increment of migratory edible birds, mainly from the extremities towards the North, or the equator. From the former come the woodcocks and snipe, wild geese, and ducks. From the South enters a stream of edible birds, comparable only to the herring shoals of the sea, in the form of qualls from Africa. The difference between the two sets of immigrants is that the first breed elsewhere, but come to us for the winter, while the qualls spend their winters in Africa, but come to Europe to nest. In both cases it has been assumed that the birds' numbers replenish themselves, and that the quantities killed make no difference to the next year's immigration; rightly, until recently, in the case of the Northern birds, which nest in an almost uninhabited region, and are undisturbed;

wrongly, in the case of the qualls, because they are killed on their way to their breeding-grounds in Central and Western Europe.

The result is that in France the quail is becoming scarce, and sportsmen, instead of bagging twenty or thirty brace in a day, have to be content with only five or six brace. In Switzerland, Austria, and parts of Germany the same scarcity is noticed. The European State system, which can protect its non-migratory partridges, pheasants, and grouse, is too small and local to protect the quail; and nothing but an international agreement is wide enough for the purpose.

The result has been an interesting negotiation between the Foreign Offices of various States, originating in France. The recent increase in the quail catch on the other side of the Mediterranean is partly due to the English occupation of Egypt; partly also, to the demand for qualls in London. Peace and prosperity have left the fellahs of Lower Egypt more time and opportunity for catching the myriads of quail which leave the shores of the Delta in early spring, while the wholesale business, which is mainly in the hands of Levantines and French merchants at Alexandria and Marseilles, greatly prospers. The qualls are shipped mainly to Trieste or Marseilles, and sent thence to Paris and London. This goes on all through the spring, at a time when in France, Austria, and Switzerland, through the territories of the two last of which the qualls pass from Trieste, no native quail is allowed to be taken at all. The French Government, therefore, came to an understanding with the Austrian, Swiss, and German Governments that common action might be taken to stop the transport of live qualls caught in those countries during the breeding season. But as the qualls shipped in English vessels from Alex-

andria were taken in Egypt, nothing could be done to prevent their passing through in transit, though it did as much harm to the stock of quail in Austria to catch them on the other side of the Mediterranean as on the Austrian side of the Alps. The English Foreign Office was, therefore, approached, though with faint hopes of success, as England, especially London, "*tient beaucoup à ses caillies*," which are the only first-class game-birds available in the spring months. The London Foreign Office, according to a correspondent of *La Naturaliste*, gave a polite but discouraging reply to the request that they would consider the matter. They found themselves unable to interfere with the export of quails, but undertook to provide that the quails should be made as comfortable as possible while on the voyage. The unconscious humor of this offer does not seem to have appealed to French feeling, and the conclusion is that nothing is to be hoped from England, *verrouillée dans son égoïsme*, and with an ever-growing appetite for fatted quails.

Apart from the interests of sport in France, it is a matter of some importance to ascertain whether there is really any chance of the destruction of the quails on migration overpowering the reproduction of the species. The number of quails living alternately in Europe and Africa is probably greater than that of any other species of edible migratory bird,—greater than that of the Northern ducks or plover, or the wildfowl migrating from the Caspian to the shores of old Ionia. The cause of their migration is, we believe, entirely due to the food which these birds seek. They are mainly insect-feeders, though they also eat the seeds of weeds and grasses. Northern Africa and the Nile Valley, their winter home, supplies this food; but when the heats of the African spring begin, and de-

stroy insect food and vegetable life, then the quails cross the Mediterranean to find their food and bring up their young among the crops of the plains of Europe. A few come to our English home counties; numbers visit Ireland, where, for some reason not clearly known, they are really plentiful in certain districts; but they fill the Central European plain in spring, from Hungary to South Russia. Cultivated land and crops suit their tastes. To the quail agriculture is a friend, not an enemy.

We find it difficult to believe that the destruction and capture of the birds in Egypt alone can make any great difference to the European supply, though the particular stream of birds which leaves the Nile Delta may possibly be that which partly supplies France. But there is reason to think that the havoc made all along the line of the quails' advance from Africa to Europe is really diminishing the stock. It cannot be said that in former days there was any point at which they were permitted to pass without toll. Italy, for instance, always poor and hungry, caught them in hundreds of thousands, long before the days of steamers and railways. Pliny was much more accurate as to the habits of migrating quails than most observers of his day. He mentions that when crossing the sea they were sometimes blown out of their course and drowned. He was also aware that they migrated by night, and makes the curious statement that when the multitudes were nearing land they were dangerous to small boats, on whose sails and rigging they settled, "often by night," and overset them. Tens of thousands are taken on the coast of the Pontine marshes, and in Sicily one hundred thousand are said to have been captured in a day. In the islands of the Greek Archipelago they are caught and cured just like sprats or pilchards,

with the difference that they are netted on the land instead of in the sea. The heads are cut off, the bodies cleaned, and then salted and packed in tubs. Further east one of the greatest of the annual quail catches takes place on the Bosphorus. The main body of these quails are looked for on the return migration in autumn, not in the spring. It is then that the birds hatched during the summer on the plains of Poland, of Turkey, of Roumania, and South Russia are on their way south and pass in myriads over the straits and along the Asiatic shore. But in old days there were often years of respite for the birds. War on the Bosphorus, or in Greece and the Archipelago, or in Egypt, or Spain or Italy, might at any moment give the birds an "open door" for a series of years; and population not only failed to increase, but often receded; and there were no railways or steamships. The demand was a local one; and, as in the days of Moses, people tired even of quail. Now the populations of Paris, London, and Berlin are added to the eaters of spring quails. The birds are caught lean and are forwarded alive to be fattened. The demand increases, population is everywhere growing, engines for their capture are better devised, and the demand is clearly overtaking supply.

We must conclude from this that we have reached the limit of the natural productiveness of the globe in animal

life other than that of fish. Left to itself, the world is "going back" in this respect, almost entirely from the increase of the meat-eating animal, man. If the quail crop cannot maintain itself, no other wild edible species can possibly survive without regulation of the catch. This is a thousand pities, because until recently it seemed probable that these migratory birds would still maintain themselves as a source of food-supply recruited largely in the waste places of the earth. But exactly the same process has been going on in the far North. There the flocks of brent-geese, wild duck, and other birds are so depleted by the trapping and guns of the Norse, Samoyed, and Russian hunters, that this supply of "natural" game is being heavily reduced. Even the United States have found it necessary to pass stringent laws to protect their native quail, prairie-chicken, and wood-grouse. But it is not every nation that is able to legislate for half a continent. In Europe, some form of international game law will in time be proposed, extending to the other side of the Mediterranean basin. But it is matter for regret that the world is becoming so fast filled up that even quails and wildfowl can only hold their own subject to human law and its enforcement. We cannot hope to do by the birds as America has done by its fish, and actually increase, by human supervision, the yield of Nature.

The Spectator.

IN ADVERSITY.

"Cold hands, warm heart?"

Then let the wind blow chill

On our clasped hands who fare across the hill.

"Hard lot, hot love?"

Then let our pathway go

Through lone gray lands, knee-deep amid the snow.

The Speaker.

Ford Madox Hueffer.

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